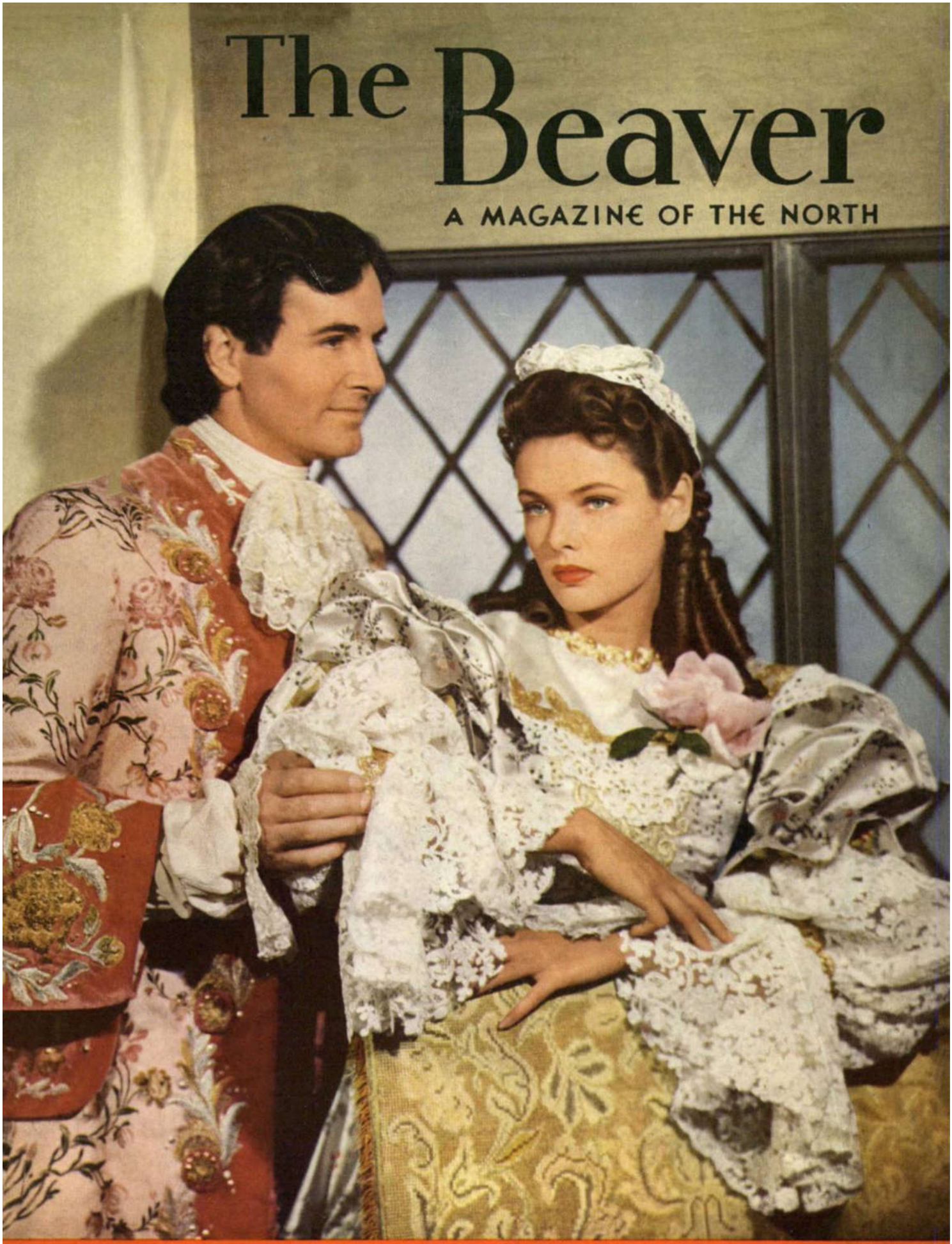
The Beaver

A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH



PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY Hudson's Bay Company. OUTFIT 271 DECEMBER 1940

INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670

Governor's Christmas Message

AMID the chaos and turmoil of the present times, the dislocation and anxiety and sorrow, it is perhaps difficult to turn our thoughts to Christmas and all that it means. But for that very reason I wish more than ever to send you all a real Christmas message —greetings of friendship and remembrance and most sincere wishes for your happiness—and above all a message of confidence in our destiny.

Some of us have experienced death and disaster at close quarters. Not one of us has altogether escaped. But while we have seen much that is disastrous in the past year, we have also seen much that is glorious.

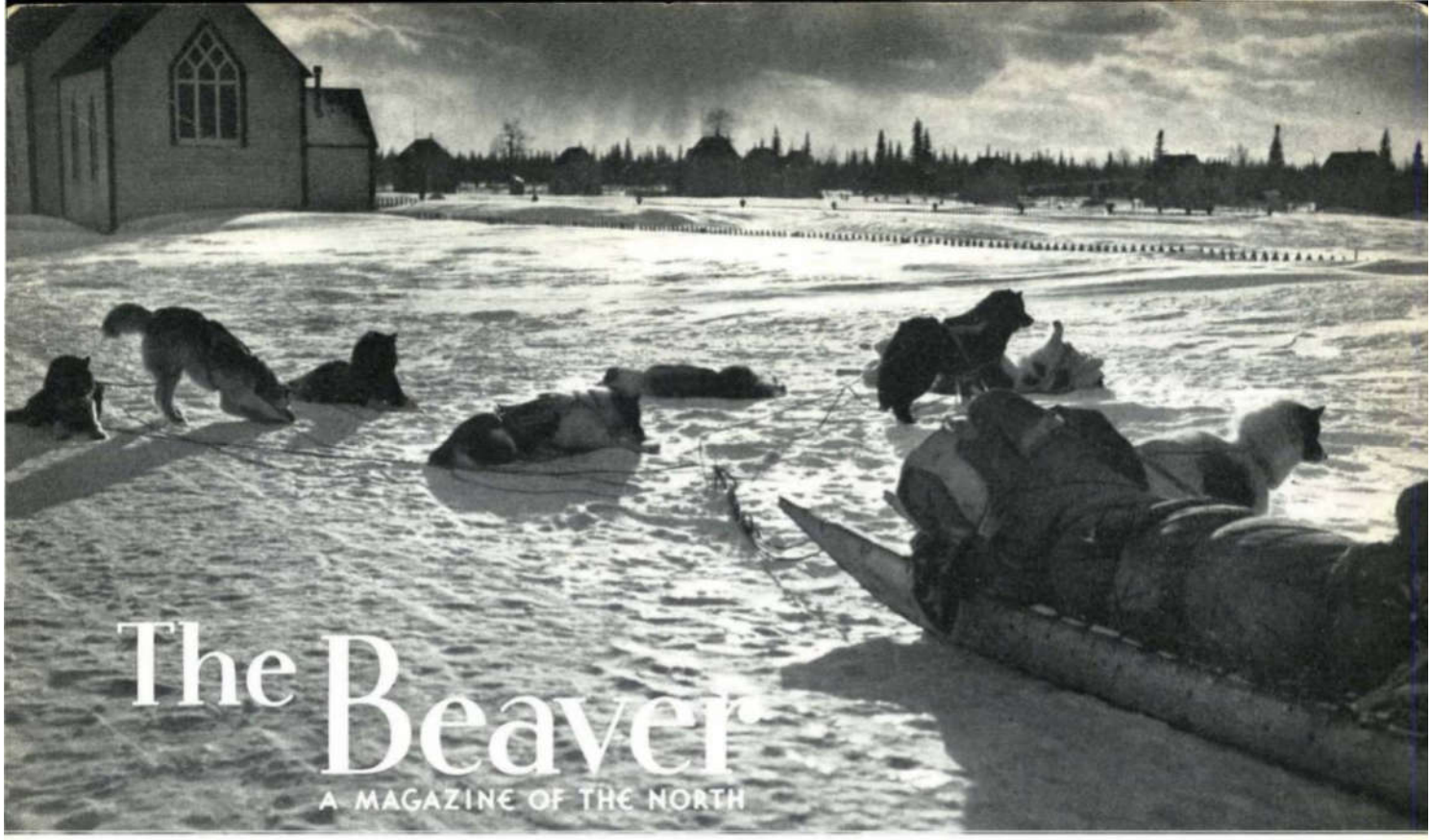
The course of the war justifies our feeling better about things than we could have a few months ago, but while we are confident, all of us know that we have before us a long and desperate struggle which will test us to the utmost.

The issue is clear and simple. Are we to be free, and able to order our lives on the lines of liberty and justice, or are we to be enslaved and crushed by that evil man and all that he stands for?

We put our firm trust in God, for He will defend the right. But we for our part must each accept our responsibility. We must go to our tasks with vigour and a determination to win through, whatever the cost. Thus only will God defend us.

And so I wish for each of you that it may truly be said of you:

One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.



Sled dogs resting at Moose Factory. Harvey Bassett.

OUTFIT 271 DECEMBER 1940

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THE BEAVER is published quarterly by the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay, commonly known as the Hudson's Bay Company. It is edited at Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg, at the office of the Canadian Committee. Yearly subscription, one dollar; single copies, twenty-five cents. THE BEAVER is entered at the second class postal rate. Its editorial interests include the whole field of travel, exploration and trade in the Canadian North as well as the current activities and historical background of the Hudson's Bay Company, in all its departments throughout Canada. THE BEAVER assumes no liability for unsolicited manuscripts or photographs. Contributions are however solicited, and the utmost care will be taken of all material received. Correspondence on points of historic interest is encouraged. The entire content of THE BEAVER is protected by copyright, but reproduction rights will be given freely upon application. Address: THE BEAVER, Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg.

WINTER PACKET

"Hudson's Bay Company"

Latest advices at the time of going to press are that the film on the founding of the Company will be out about the first of the year. The delay is due to the fact that the first reel or two had to be re-shot. In the original script, Radisson and Groseilliers didn't appear until a good deal of the film had elapsed. Under the new arrangement, they come in right at the beginning. Much dramatic action involving King Charles, Prince Rupert, Nell Gwyn, and the hero and heroine, has thereby been cut out; but other exciting scenes have been substituted, and now there is a nice tie-up with New England which will add to the interest of the film from the American point of view.

We are still hoping to have the world premiere in Winnipeg, attended by some of the stars. But up to the present, no decisions have been made on this score.

Arthur Heming

Arthur Heming, about whose paintings W. J. Phillips wrote so understandingly in our last issue, died a few weeks ago. Canada and the Company owe a great deal to this celebrated artist, who set down for posterity in unforgettable canvases the drama and action of life in the north woods half a century ago. Only a few days before his death, he wrote to *The Beaver*, in answer to a query, describing the building of the big canoes as he had seen it, and mentioning—what very few people know—that birch-bark canoes up to sixty feet long were constructed for the rough waters of Lake Superior.

Incidentally, Mr. Phillips' remark, that Mr. Heming is not represented in the National Gallery at Ottawa, has occasioned some comment. Actually, the gallery possesses the originals, in black, white, and yellow, of "Leaping Caribou" and "How We Travelled," illustrations for his book *The Living Forest*. But none of his works in full colour are to be found there.

Beaver in Venezuela

This magazine of the North gets into some strange and faraway places. Its subscribers are found all over Canada, the United States, and the British Isles, and before the war in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Finland, Russia, Germany, France, and the Channel Islands. It still goes to South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand, and even to Honolulu. But the prize "distribution" story came in this fall from an American engineer, James L. Shields, Jr.

Last year he was surveying in the Andes Mountains, several hundred miles in the interior of Venezuela. During the course of his jungle travels, he came across a native hut, miles from nowhere, built in the usual style of wood pole frame, mud walls, and palm thatched roof. The dusky owner and his wife, who slept in hammocks, shared the hut with their chickens, dogs and pigs; but in accordance with the admirable custom of the natives, they invited Mr. Shields to have a cup of coffee. Mr. Shields unfortunately does not state whether the coffee was Fort Garry or Fort York, but he continues:

"While I was drinking it, I noticed some magazines in a corner of the hut. Seeing magazines was quite a novelty, for these people could neither read nor write, nor could I understand how magazines happened to get this far into the jungle. There were two publications printed in Spanish, but the rest were in English. They were dirty, torn and cut up. (The natives often cut pictures out to hang up, or paste them on their native drums.) However, no matter what condition they were in, any magazine was welcome. My host told me, after innumerable questions, a rather cloudy story that he had found them—where, I couldn't find out. I didn't look at them closely then, but when I left, he told me to take them along. After I reached camp, I found that one of them was entitled *The Beaver* and I thereupon proceeded to read it from cover to cover. It took me away from within the shadow of the equator, the heat, and dirt, to the clean coolness of the North. It's hard to describe the pleasure your magazine gave me, but to prove it, I still have part of that magazine. It has travelled with me through Venezuela, Panama, Curacao, and Columbia. I can't tell you how it got to Venezuela, but I surmise that one of the few white men who have passed through must have left it there."

Needless to say, Mr. Shields now makes sure of getting his *Beavers* direct.

Photos, Please!

Last December we asked for pictures for *The Beaver* showing people doing things in the North—not just standing around looking impressive. The response has been gratifying—to a certain degree. But our files are still very thin when it comes to pictures of two of the commonest operations in fur trading: skinning the animals, and trading the skins across the counter. H B C cameramen, please note!

Old-Timers

Two old-timers of the fur trade have died since our last issue appeared. Chief Factor Charles H. French, once Fur Trade Commissioner for the Company, and H. M. S. Cotter, son of the chief factor whose photographs appear on pages 22 and 23, passed away in Victoria within a few days of each other.

Mr. French started work with the Company in 1891, as a boatman at Lower Fort Garry, and in thirty-six years worked up from that lowly position to the highest in the fur trade. He was sent out to New Caledonia in 1894, and two years later was appointed post manager at Babine. From 1902-14 he was fur buyer at Victoria, and for the next thirteen years manager of the British Columbia district. Finally, in 1927 he was made Fur Trade Commissioner, a position which he held with ability until his retirement in 1930.

Mr. Cotter was born in the Service at Little Whale River, Hudson Bay, in 1873. Educated at Upper Canada College, he joined the Company as an apprentice at the age of sixteen. Much of his early service was spent in Labrador and Ungava. Then in 1913 he moved west to Cumberland House, where he was in charge for seventeen years. From 1931-5 he was purchasing agent at The Pas, but in that year he retired, with forty-seven years of service to his credit.

Who, Where, and When?

Under the above title, we published last issue a picture of cyclists outside an unidentified Hudson's Bay store. Quite a number of replies came in, the first from the small boy in the sailor suit sitting on the sidewalk—who is now General H. F. McDonald of the Pensions Board, Ottawa. The bearded man in the centre, he explained, was his father, Chief Factor Archibald McDonald, and the photo was taken at Fort Qu'Appelle about 1898. Another son and a daughter of the chief factor's also appear in the picture.

H B Record Society

The third volume of the Hudson's Bay Record Society is expected to be out early in the new year. It will deal with the Minutes of the Council of the Northern Department for 1821-31, and will carry an introduction by that competent fur-trade historian, Professor H. A. Innis of Toronto. The war has naturally delayed publication, but it has not discouraged the society from going ahead with its programme.

Already the fourth volume is shaping up—a series of letters from Dr. John McLoughlin to the Governor and Committee about the Company's operations on the Pacific coast, with an introduction by Dr. W. Kaye Lamb. To a certain extent it will answer the call of American and Canadian readers for first-hand information on this aspect of H B C history. Mr. Rich, the general editor for the society, says that the letters not only make good reading, but are also important historically.

Nascopie

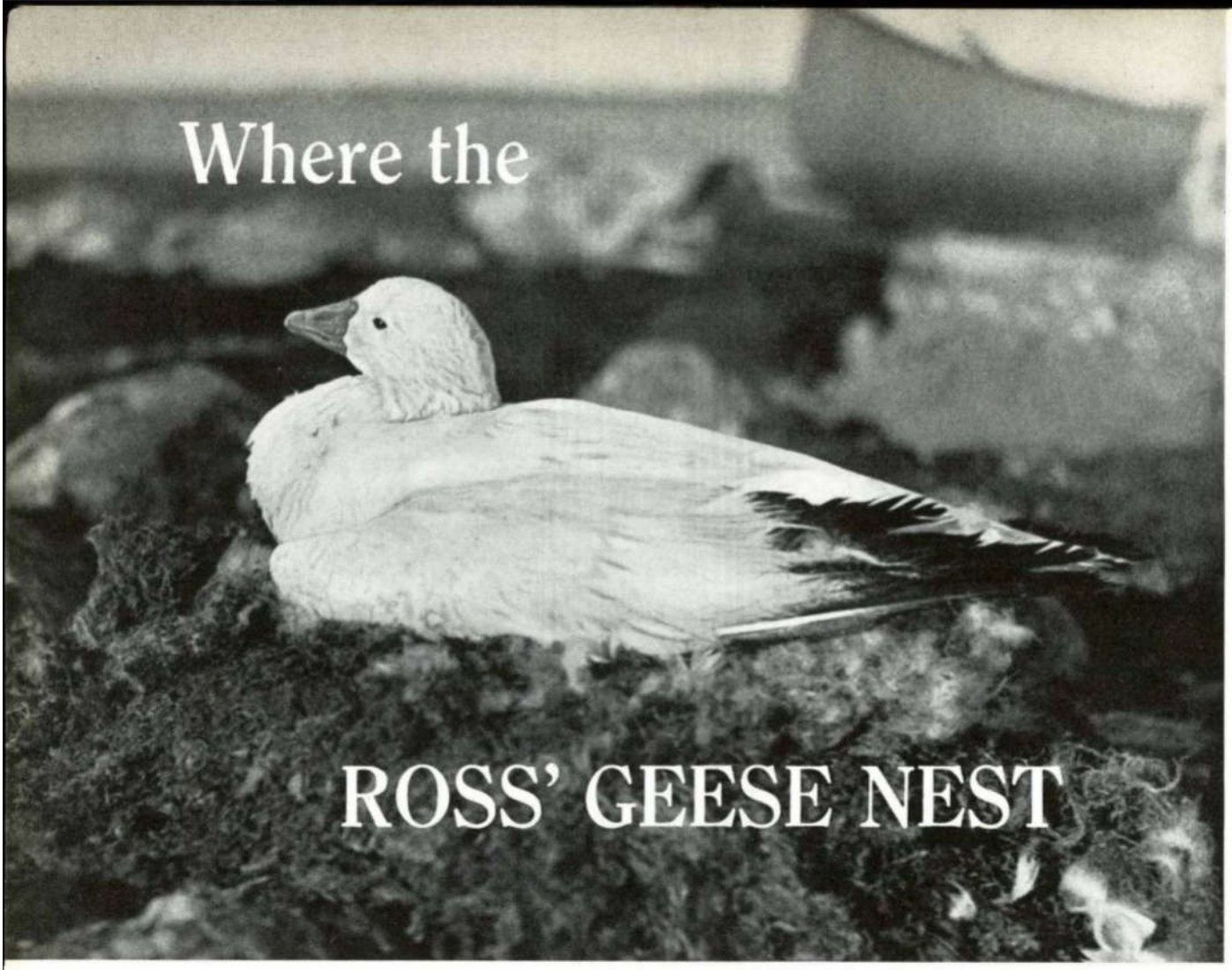
We always get a great kick out of the newspaper stories on the annual *Nascopie* voyage. To read most of those written after the voyage is over, one would never suspect that there is an organization called the Hudson's Bay Company, and much less that it owns and operates the *Nascopie*. Such is the ingrained modesty of H B C men, that even some of the passengers don't realize who runs the ship until she is steaming up around Fort Ross.

It reminds us of a remark in Larry Nixon's *See Canada Next*, that to write of the North without mentioning the Hudson's Bay Company is like writing of the sea without mentioning ships.

The story of the second part of this year's trip is told by J. W. Anderson in the Ungava district notes on page 54, and two pages of photos accompany it. The highlight of the voyage was the side-trip to Greenland. Commenting editorially on this, the *Winnipeg Free Press* points out that "Politically, it is not now beyond the probabilities accruing from war's uncertainties that the time may come when this year's trip of the *Nascopie* may prove to have bridged the gap narrowly separating Greenland from Canada."

Straight from Santa

Santa Claus, as everyone knows, lives in the far North. Perhaps that's why a magazine of the North makes such a suitable Christmas present. Gift subscriptions should be sent to this office in plenty of time. We can then despatch to the lucky recipient a tricky announcement card which is guaranteed to grace any mantelpiece, from Aklavik to Zanzibar.



Ross's Goose on her nest. All photos in this article by Angus Gavin.

Announcing the discovery, after an eighty-year search, of the nesting grounds of Ross's Goose

I—THE STORY OF THE SEARCH

by Bertram W. Cartwright

THERE is something singularly appropriate—a sort of poetic justice—in the fact that the solution to the last remaining ornithological enigma of North America—the whereabouts of the nesting grounds of Ross's Goose—should be accomplished by officers of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Nearly a century before the bird received a name, it was described so conclusively by Samuel Hearne, of Fort Prince of Wales, that not a shadow of doubt is left in the minds of ornithologists that his "Horned Wavey" was the same species which we were to know later as Ross's Goose. When the bird was finally named by John Cassin in 1861, it was from specimens sent to him from Fort Resolution, Great Slave Lake, by Chief Factor Bernard Rogan Ross. Cassin named it in his honour, *Chen rossi*.

In Samuel Hearne's Journal, published in London in 1795, we find the "Horned Wavey" described as follows: "This delicate and diminutive species of the goose is not much larger than the Mallard duck. Its plumage is delicately white, except quill feathers which are black. The bill is not more than an inch long and at the base is studded round with little knobs about the size of peas, but more remarkably so in males. Both bill and feet are of the same colour with those of the Snow Goose. This species is very scarce at Churchill River, and I believe are never found at any of the southern settlements, but about two or three hundred miles North West of Churchill, I have seen them in as large flocks as the common Wavey, or Snow Goose.

"The flesh of this bird is exceedingly delicate, but they are so small that when I was on my journey to the North [to the mouth of the Coppermine] I eat two of them one night for supper. I do not find this bird described by my worthy friend Mr. Pennant in his 'Arctic Zoology.' Probably a specimen of it was not sent home, for the person that commanded at Prince of Wales fort at the time the collection was making, did not pay any attention to it."

"The person that commanded . . . . at the time" was Moses Norton, an energetic half-breed governor of Fort Prince of Wales, who chose Samuel Hearne to lead the expedition "for the Discovery of Copper Mines, a North West Passage, etc., in the years 1769, 1770, 1771 and 1772." Hearne's Journal has become a classic in the annals of Canadian Arctic exploration.

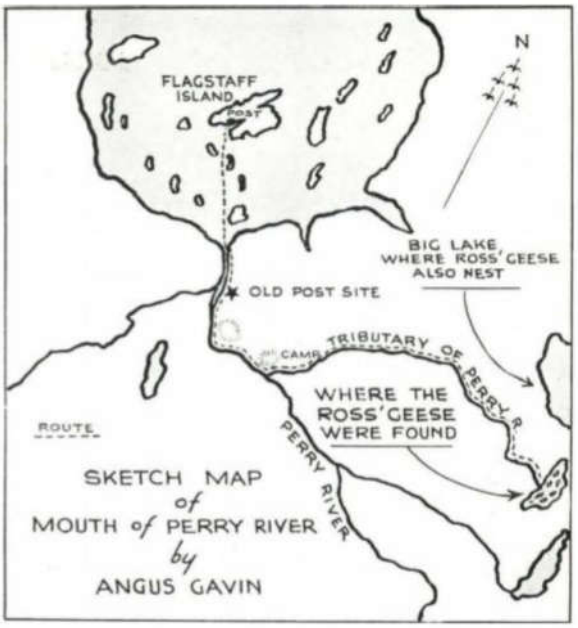
Bernard Rogan Ross, after whom the goose was named, was born at Londonderry. He was a chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company and a correspondent of the Smithsonian Institution. Nothing more had been heard of Hearne's "Horned Wavey" until Ross sent specimens from Fort Resolution, Great Slave Lake, between 1859 and 1861. During these three years Robert Kennicott travelled in the Mackenzie district. He was an enthusiastic naturalist and infused a number of the Hudson's Bay Company's officers with some of his own zeal. Kennicott was a founder of the Chicago Academy of Sciences and its first director in 1865-66.

Among the men who were inspired by Kennicott was Roderick Ross MacFarlane, another chief factor of the Company, whom he met in 1859. MacFarlane became an indefatigable collector of mammals and birds and their eggs. An account of his notes and observations on birds and mammals in Northern Canada is incorporated in Charles Mair's book, "Through the Mackenzie Basin." T. S. Palmer mentions that upwards of 5000 specimens, chiefly of birds and eggs, were received from him by the Smithsonian Institution.

MacFarlane was ever on the lookout for the breeding grounds of Ross's goose. He induced most of the officers of the Mackenzie district to engage in the search and enquire from the Indians and Eskimos as to where the birds nested. He was post manager at Fort Anderson from about 1861 to 1866, when the post was abandoned. This post was on the Anderson river in about lat. 68° 30′ north, long. 128° west.

Under "Ross's Snow Goose," MacFarlane has this to say: "In his valuable 'Catalogue of Canadian Birds,' Professor Macoun has made no reference to the following Anderson note: 'A male bird of this species was shot at Fort Anderson on 25th May, 1865, where it is by far the least abundant of the genus during the spring migration. The Eskimos assured us that it did not breed in Liverpool Bay, and it may therefore do so, along with the great bulk of the larger species, on the extensive islands lying to the north and north-east of the American continent.'

"I have always regretted that I was unable, owing to the abandonment of the post, summer 1866, to carry out my intention of devoting at least two seasons to a personal exploration of the breeding grounds of this and some other birds which are believed to resort to Liverpool Bay and the 'Eskimo Lakes' and thence also to the delta of the Mackenzie River. At Fort Chipewyan, Athabasca, however, Ross's goose is the last to arrive in spring, but is among the first to return in autumn. At Fort Resolution, Great Slave Lake, Mr. Ross states that it comes second there."



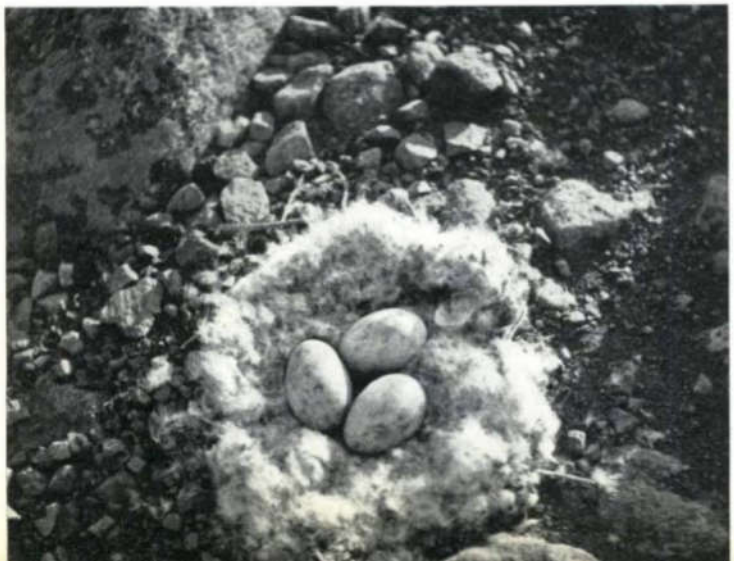
We know now, of course, that MacFarlane's search, had he been able to make it, would have been futile. It was established by subsequent observations that the birds disappeared into the blue in a northeasterly direction when they left Lake Athabasca and Great Slave Lake for their unknown breeding grounds and they returned from that direction in September.

They wintered in California in the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys, and, formerly, in Orange County, and in the spring migrated across the mountains through eastern Montana and Alberta to the Athabaska Delta and Great Slave Lake, where they paused to rest and feed. About the third week in May they left for their hitherto unknown nesting grounds in a northeasterly direction, and they followed the same route on their return in the fall.

Looking back through the records, it now becomes obvious that when Samuel Hearne wrote, "but about two or three hundred miles to the north-west of Churchill I have seen them in as large flocks as the common wavey or snow goose," he was actually on the breeding grounds.

Hearne made three attempts to reach the Coppermine, the last of which was successful. On the first attempt he left Prince of Wales fort in November 1769 and turned back after proceeding some two hundred

Nests of Ross's Goose, showing the rocky character of the ground.



miles into the interior, where he and his two English companions were robbed and deserted by their Indian escort. In February 1770 he alone, with a new set of Indians, started on the second attempt. This time, "he journeyed as far north as about 64° 20′, and had crossed Dubawnt river to the north of Dubawnt lake when, on August 11, the accidental breaking of his quadrant determined him to return once more to the factory." Hearne started on the third and final expedition on December 7, 1770, and reaching the Coppermine river in July, 1771, journeyed to its mouth and looked out over the Arctic ocean on July 17—the first white man to reach it overland.

It may have been on the second or third attempt that Hearne saw the large flocks of the "Horned Wavey," but the probabilities are, judging by the dates, that it was on the second attempt. The species was then much more numerous than it is to-day, and probably was breeding where Hearne encountered them, and may still be doing so.

In the last four years, there has been a revived interest in natural history research by H B C officers stationed in the far North. Up-to-date text books have been supplied to all the posts and outposts, and one of the first fruits of this revived interest is Angus Gavin's outstanding contribution to ornithology in the discovery of the breeding grounds of Ross's Goose. Gavin is post manager at Perry River on Flagstaff Island, lat. about 67° 45′ north, long. 102° west.

The successful termination of the long search for the breeding grounds of Ross's Goose is due, in no small measure, to the well known sportsman-naturalist E. F. G. (Ted) White of Ottawa. It was at the Wildlife Conference called by President Franklin D. Roosevelt at Washington in February 1936 that Mr. White discussed the problem with R. H. G. Bonnycastle, representing the Hudson's Bay Company at the conference. White induced Bonnycastle to set the wheels of the great organization in motion, with the result so conclusively set forth in Gavin's and Donovan's narrative.

Through the courtesy of P. A. Taverner, Dominion ornithologist, I am able to give the measurements of the five eggs which, together with two skins of Ross's Goose, were sent down by Gavin and delivered to the National Museum by Ted White, who made the initial identifications. Taverner verified the identifications, and points out that the eggs are consistently smaller than the eggs of the Lesser Snow Goose (*Chen hyperborea*), the only other goose with which Ross's could be confused.

Here are their measurements on the metric system:

1. 66.5 mm x 48 mm—76 ml.
2. 64.0 mm x 48 mm—73 ml.
3. 72.0 mm x 48 mm—82 ml.
4. 75.0 mm x 48 mm—87 ml.
5. 71.0 mm x 49 mm—90 ml.

The last column gives the volumetric capacity.

Of secondary importance to the main discovery, is revealed a hitherto unknown nesting location of the Blue Goose, the first mainland nesting to be recorded. It will be recalled that J. Dewey Soper made the first discovery of the nesting grounds of the Blue Goose on Baffin Island in 1929, and Dr. Geo. M. Sutton discovered its nesting on Southampton Island in Hudson Bay the following year.

The general impression gained from a talk with Ernest Donovan, who accompanied Gavin, is that a vast and hitherto unknown waterfowl breeding ground extends south from Queen Maud Gulf, in the vicinity of the Perry River, to the *terra incognita* lying between the coast and the Garry Lakes.

II—THE DISCOVERY

by Angus Gavin

EDITOR'S NOTE—The following story of the discovery of the breeding grounds of Ross's Goose has been compiled from two accounts—one sent in by Mr. Gavin from the Arctic, the other written by Mr. Cartwright from information supplied by E. Donovan, in charge of King William Land, who accompanied Mr. Gavin to the nesting grounds. Mr. Cartwright, chief naturalist for Ducks Unlimited (Canada), during his questioning of Mr. Donovan in Winnipeg, was able to bring out many facts of great interest to his fellow ornithologists, which have been incorporated in the ensuing account.

IT was the last day of June, 1940, when we set out from Perry River post, on Flagstaff Island, to look for the nesting grounds of the elusive Ross's Goose.

As it was mid-summer, the days were long—Perry River post being about seventy-five miles north of the Arctic Circle—and it was not until about four o'clock in the afternoon that we started out on the first leg of our journey across the sea-ice to the mouth of the Perry River. On top of a sixteen-foot komatik we had placed our eighteen-foot canoe, with its outboard motor and all our camping gear.

It took us four hours to cover the five miles to open water at the river mouth. Near the edge of the ice we left our komatik, and after putting the canoe in the water, attaching the motor, and loading it, we headed for a small island a couple of miles away where we planned to cook supper. However, on reaching this island we discovered a regular colony of Brant geese nesting there, so we stayed only long enough to take some photographs of them and then crossed to the next island for our supper.

We knew there was a native camp about twelve miles up-stream where we could enlist help for our search, so after supper we headed south up the Perry River, taking the time as we went to observe the many kinds of bird life to be found there—swans, geese, Sandhill cranes, and ducks of various kinds, the Pintail being especially numerous. After some time, as we were not exactly sure where the native camp was to be found, we climbed a hill to get a view of the surrounding country, and on reaching the top we were met by a vicious attack from a couple of hawks who were nesting there. About two miles away we could see the camp and, much nearer, a native boat coming down-stream to meet us.

After exchanging greetings with the natives, we took their boat in tow. But the strain was evidently too much for our "kicker," for after a while it coughed and died. After that we got the tow from the natives. At one o'clock in the morning of Dominion Day we arrived at the camp. When we had had our coffee we made arrangements with four of the natives to go with us in the afternoon on our wild goose chase.

With our "kicker" *hors de combat* we thought it desirable to fit a sail to the canoe, for there was good chance that we would get a favourable wind during at least part of the fifteen-mile up-stream journey to the lakes. Along towards evening everything was ready, and with Donovan and myself sitting in the middle of the canoe like factors of old, the natives dipped their paddles and we were off on one of the most delightful and thrilling trips it has been my pleasure to encounter in the North. The weather was perfect; each bend of

the river brought new thrills. Ducks were everywhere, and the constant singing of the small birds, coupled with the harsher notes of the cranes and the honking of the geese, made sweet music.

In a little while the rapids became faster, longer and more frequent, until at last we came to one that proved to be about a mile long. After labouring up this we came to a mile or so of good water, and it was while we were on this calm stretch that the first Ross's Goose was sighted in the early morning light, flying towards the lake that lay ahead of us. Any doubts as to whether the geese we were looking for would be there certainly vanished when he appeared.

On entering the lake, we could see them flying all over the place. The lake was long and narrow, and studded with two or three hundred reefs of varying shapes and sizes up to about 500 by 50 yards. One of the islands nearest us was covered with the white dots of the nesting birds. Through the glasses they reminded us of ptarmigan in winter garb. As we approached they rose in large flocks over our heads, loudly protesting at our invasion of their domain. Others took it very philosophically, and not until we had actually landed did they get off their nests.

On the first three islands visited there were about fifty pairs nesting, anywhere from three to thirty feet apart. A grassy base on the rock, copiously lined and rimmed with white down, soiled to a dirty grey appearance, constituted the nest. The complete nest was about twelve inches over all, with a nesting cavity about five inches in diameter and about two and one-half inches in depth from the top of the downy rim. There were two to six creamy-white, ovate, eggs in the nests examined. Four eggs were the most common clutch noted. Some nests contained five eggs, some two or three, and one or two nests had six. Our natives collected a number of eggs, which they ate. In all eggs the embryos were sufficiently developed so that the head, bill, and eyes could be clearly seen. Incubation was judged to be five to ten days advanced. In blowing the eggs brought out as specimens (they were end blown), difficulty was experienced in getting the embryos out.

On this island we also discovered two nests of the King Eider (*Somateria spectabilis*), one containing five greenish eggs and the other six.

Unfortunately, light conditions were not too good, as it was in the small hours of the morning, so we did not get any close-up shots with our cameras. After securing a few specimens of the geese and their eggs, we headed for the next island to cook a meal, and to have a short nap before trying to get some pictures.

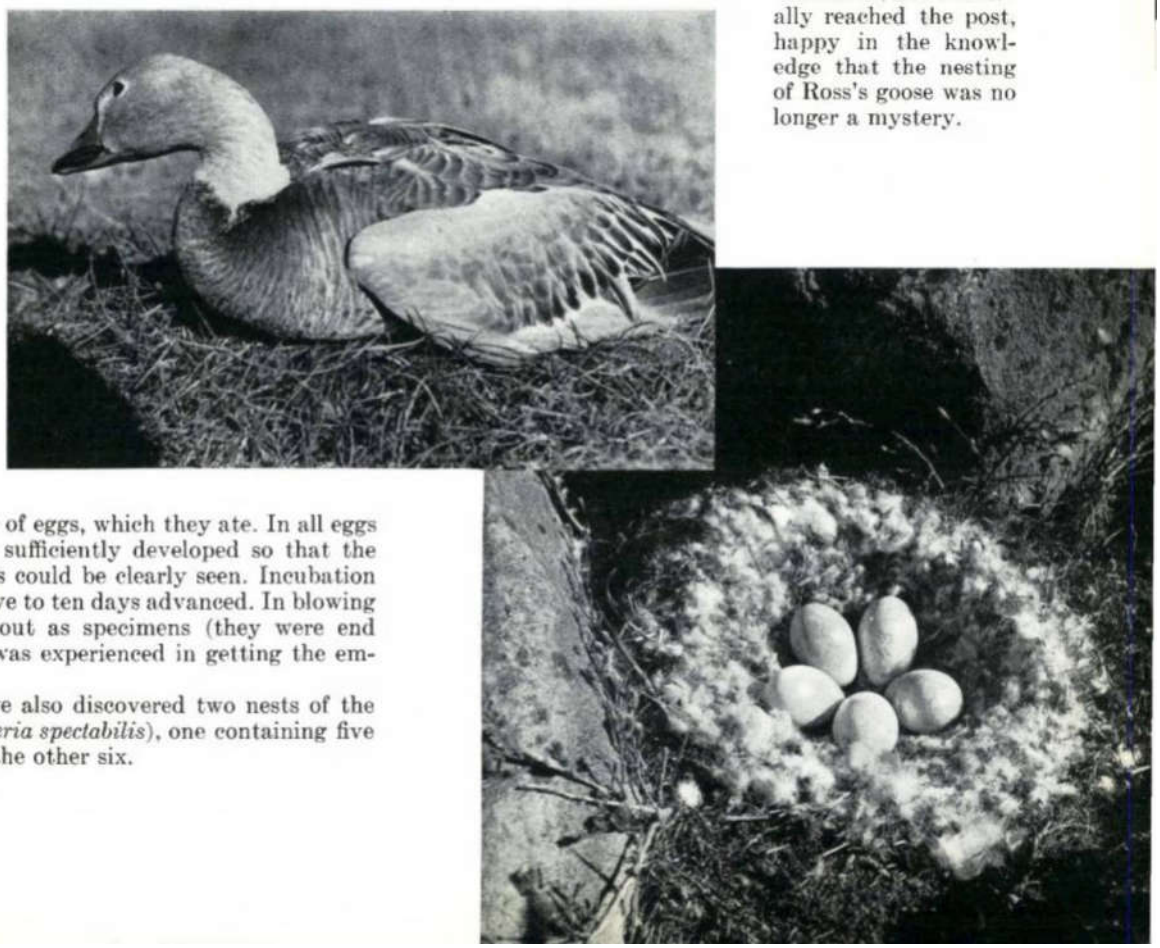
Back at the island where the geese were nesting, we finally succeeded in getting some close-ups of the birds on their eggs. As we approached, they would get off their nests; but we would lie down five or six feet away, and presently they would return and sit on the eggs.

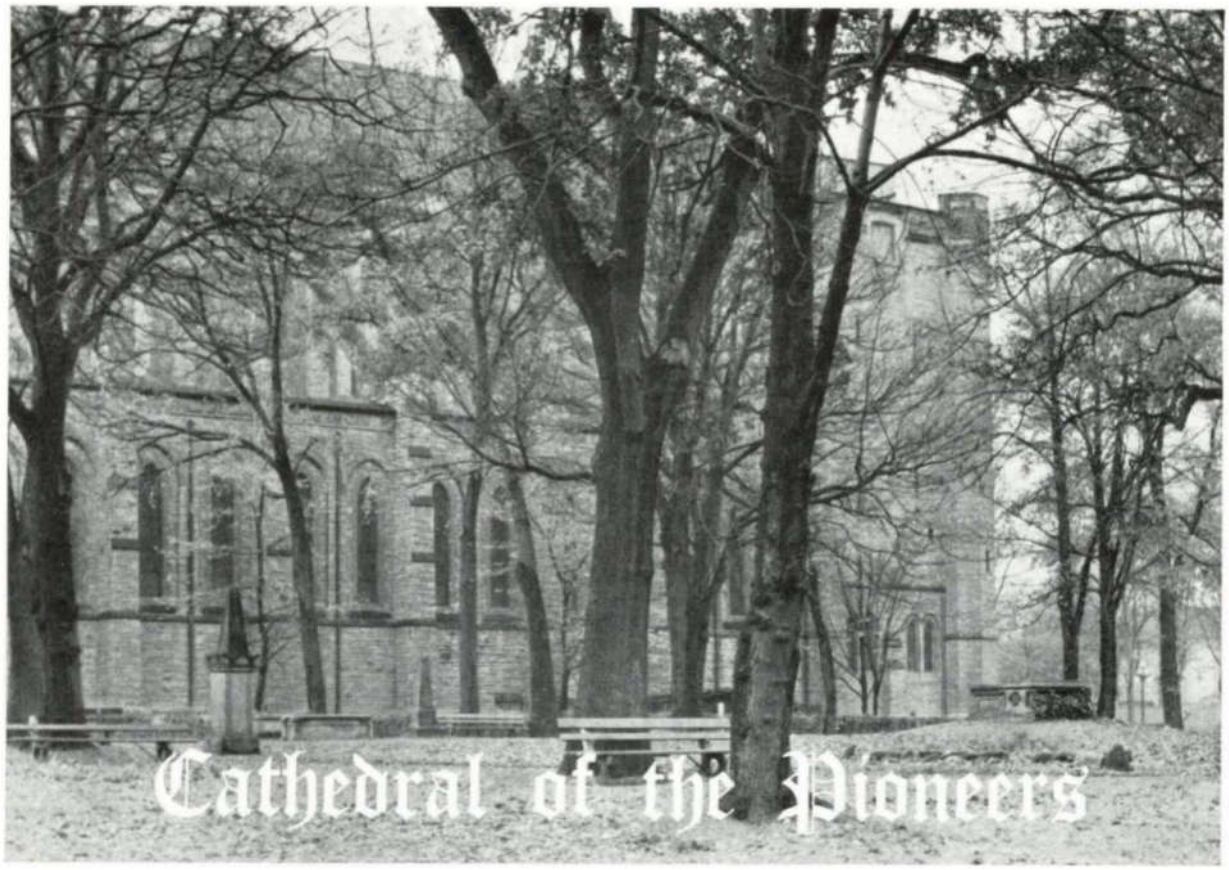
About three hundred yards from the first island visited, and in a grassy bay on the mainland, two pairs of Blue Geese (*Chen caerulescens*) were found nesting, and the nests examined. They were grass-lined cavities with considerable dusky, bluish-grey down, containing four and three eggs respectively. Some of the older natives told us they had never before set eyes on this bird. They explained, however, that Ross's goose was common thereabouts, the chief breeding grounds being on similar islands in a larger lake about six miles away.

Altogether we stayed about seven hours at the lake. Then, as a south wind started to blow, we decided to take advantage of it and head for home. Piling into the canoe, we hoisted sail and sped downstream, shooting the rapids on the way. On the return trip we saw about five hundred Pintails (*Dafila acuta tzitzihoa*) in a marsh about half a mile long and a quarter wide. At least half of them were in flightless condition, having moulted their primaries. Other species seen on this trip were Canada Geese (*Branta canadensis*), Whistling Swans (*Cygnus columbianus*), Arctic Terns (*Sterna paradisaea*), and several species of shore birds and gulls.

Back again at the native camp, we cleaned and dried our specimens, ready to be shipped to Hudson's Bay House, and thence to Ottawa. The next day we headed for home, towed part way by a native boat with a sail, and eventually reached the post, happy in the knowledge that the nesting of Ross's goose was no longer a mystery.

Blue Goose, and her nest among willows.





Christ Church Cathedral, Victoria, B.C., founded by men of the Hudson's Bay Company. The building is still in course of construction. (W. Gibson)

A compilation of two articles by

G. Hollis Slater and Muriel R. Cree

REDOLENT of the memories of men who brought civilization to the Pacific coast, Christ Church Cathedral stands amid the elms and oaks of Pioneer Square in Victoria. Beneath the great trees are the graves of those men—the intrepid officers of the Honourable Company who founded the church long ago—and within the cathedral itself are treasured ecclesiastical relics from old Fort Vancouver.

Four years before the first missionary, in the person of the Rev. Jason Lee, arrived at Fort Vancouver (now in the State of Washington; see the H B C calendar for 1941), the Governor and Committee had decided to send a chaplain to that place. The first to be appointed was prevented from going by his wife, who refused to make the long and perilous voyage around the Horn. For the same reason the second appointee did not set out; but in 1835, Sir George Simpson personally chose in England a chaplain for the Department whose wife was willing to make the trip. This man went by the entirely suitable name of Herbert Beaver, but he did not prove entirely suitable for the position. With his wife Jane, he set out on board the Company's barque, *Nereide*, and on September 6, 1836, they arrived at Fort Vancouver. Four months before, the barque, *Columbia*, had brought all the necessary appointments for a mission of the Church of England. A bell, a pulpit, a bible, a surplice, an altar cloth, prayer books, register books, and a silver communion service were among the articles supplied. It is the last two which are now treasured by the cathedral in Victoria, and which are illustrated herewith. Nevertheless, although the mission was so well supplied, a church was never erected at Fort Vancouver. The differences that arose between Mr. Beaver and Chief Factor McLoughlin are well known in the intimate early history of the Pacific coast, and after two years his position became so unbearable that the minister and his wife returned to England.

In the course of his incumbency, however, Mr. Beaver had many official duties to perform. The first entry in the marriage register shows that on February 28, 1837, he married James Douglas and Amelia Connolly according to the laws of the Church of England. These two had already been married without benefit of clergy in the old fur trade way, but although the ceremony was perfectly binding according to the Quebec Law Courts, Mr. Beaver did not entirely approve. Accordingly he married them himself in his own way. Later, it is said, the Roman Catholic priest, Father Demers, married them for the third time on the grounds that Mrs. Douglas was originally a Roman Catholic. It will be noticed by the first page of the marriage register that they were married in the presence of Duncan Finlayson, chief factor, and John M. McLean, chief trader, and at the same time the marriage ceremony was performed for Benjamin McKenzie and Catherine Campbell, who was unable to write.

For the eleven years following Mr. Beaver's departure, there was no chaplain for the Columbia Department. During that time the headquarters were moved from Fort Vancouver to Fort Victoria on Vancouver's Island, and the church appointments were transferred to the new post. In 1849 Rev. R. J. Staines arrived there with his wife and family to fill the dual position of chaplain to the Honourable Hudson's Bay Company and school teacher for the children of the traders. Evidently the office of school teacher was considered the more important, as Mr. Staines received £320 a year for that office and only £200 a year as chaplain. For four years he carried on without a church. Then the Company officers began to build, on one of the commanding sites near the fort, a "district or colonial" church for the use of the officials, servants and settlers.

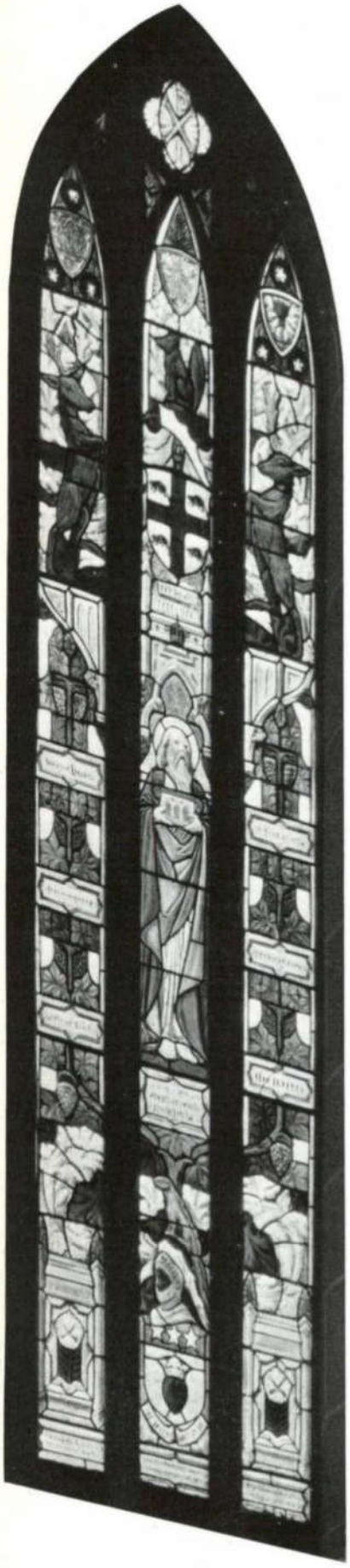
In 1854 Mr. Staines set out for England; but he never reached there. The ship on which he was travelling foundered and he was drowned. He was succeeded by the Rev. Edward Cridge, who came out early the following year. The next year the church was finished and at the end of August was opened for services.

This church developed into Christ Church on the arrival of Bishop Hills in 1860, and five years later it was appointed the cathedral church of the province of British Columbia. The church had outgrown its colonial status; but the Company would not let it go empty handed, and provided a trust consisting of twenty-two and one-half acres of land around the building, the first charge upon the trust being the stipend of the rector, now the dean and rector.

The first building was only thirteen years old when it was destroyed by fire. A new building was erected and consecrated in 1872, but this in time proved too

Hon. Dr. John Sebastian Helmcken

The Communion service, engraved with the Company's coat-of-arms, from old Fort Vancouver. (Scott Camera Craft)



MARRIAGES solemnized ~~in the Parish of~~ at Fort Vancouver, Plains ~~in the County of~~ Columbia, N.W. Coast of America in the Year 1837

James Douglas of this ~~Parish~~ Place
and Amelia Connolly of this ~~Parish~~ Place
were married in this Fort by Licence ~~with Consent~~ this twenty eighth Day of February in the Year One Thousand eight hundred and thirty seven
By me Herbert Beaver Chaplain to the Hon'ble Hudson's Bay Co.
This Marriage was solemnized between us { James Douglas / Amelia Connelly
In the Presence of { D. Finlayson Chief Factor H.B.C. / John McLeod Chief Trader H.B.C.
No. 1.

Benjamin McKenzie of this ~~Parish~~ Place
and Katherine Campbell of this ~~Parish~~ Place
were married in this Fort by Licence ~~with Consent~~ this twenty eighth Day of February in the Year One Thousand eight hundred and thirty seven
By me Herbert Beaver Chaplain to the Hon'ble Hudson's Bay Co.
This Marriage was solemnized between us { Benjn McKenzie / the mark of Katherine x Campbell
In the Presence of { D. Finlayson Chief Factor H.B.C. / John McLeod Chief Trader H.B.C.
No. 2.

Aimable Petit of this ~~Parish~~ Place
and Susanne Tewatcon of this ~~Parish~~ Place
were married in this Fort by Banns ~~with Consent,~~ this twenty seventh Day of March in the Year One thousand eight hundred and thirty seven
By me Herbert Beaver Chaplain to the H.B. Co.
This Marriage was solemnized between us { the mark of Aimable x Petit / the mark of Susanne x Tewatcon
In the Presence of { John F. Robinson / Jane Beaver
No. 3.

Left: This window, bearing the Company's coat-of-arms and that of Sir James Douglas, commemorates the Cathedral's founders—Work, Tolmie, Finlayson, Grahame, and Munro. (W. Gibson)

Above: First page of the Fort Vancouver marriage register, recording the weddings of James Douglas to Amelia Connolly and Benjamin McKenzie to Katharine Campbell, on February 28, 1837. Witnesses in both cases were Chief Factor Duncan Finlayson and Chief Trader John M. McLeod. The third marriage is that of Aimable Petit to Susanne Tewatcon (evidently an Indian girl) on March 27, John F. Robinson and Mrs. Beaver being witnesses.

small and the present cathedral on an adjacent site (the home and grounds of the first bishop) was consecrated on the eve of the Feast of St. Michael, 1929.

Of the original appointments sent out in 1836 to Fort Vancouver, the most highly prized in existence today is the communion set—flagon, chalice and two patens, each piece with the Company's coat-of-arms engraved thereon. The registers are still in the safe possession of the church wardens, and kept in their strong box. Among the many interesting and historical items contained therein are successive entries showing the rise in the Company's service of some of their officials; the number of Royal Navy vessels stationed in these waters; and the tragic frequency of infant deaths. One interesting fact occurs in the marriage register. During the interval between the leaving of Mr. Beaver and the arrival of Mr. Staines, a marriage was solemnized and recorded by Ezra Fisher, who was the first Baptist missionary in Oregon; another one performed and recorded by Richard Lane, justice of the peace; and a third by the Rev. Geo. Atkinson, a Methodist missionary.

One of the oldest stained glass windows in the cathedral, transferred from the old building, is a large one erected in 1905 by the Company "to the Glory of God and in memory of Sir James Douglas and the officers of the Honourable Hudson's Bay Company who founded this Church." The window contains the Company's coat-of-arms, and that of Sir James Douglas, as well as the names of John Work, W. F. Tolmie, Roderick Finlayson, J. A. Grahame, and William Charles Munro, all well known Company men. Roderick Finlayson was the first parish warden, and Sir James Douglas left a legacy trust of $500, on his demise, to the church. Fortunate indeed is this province in having such men at the head of affairs during its earliest colonial days.

In the shadow of the cathedral is the graveyard, called by the older residents the Quadra Street cemetery. Here are the graves of many old Company men. Among them is the Honourable John Sebastian Helmcken, who came out to Victoria in 1850 as a surgeon to the Company and, unofficially, secretary to the Governor of Vancouver's Island. He married Cecilia, daughter of James Douglas, and she is buried there with him. Dr. Helmcken was elected in 1856 to the first Legislative Assembly and was appointed speaker until the admission of the colony into the Dominion of Canada in 1871, in which year he was one of the delegates sent to Ottawa to arrange the union.

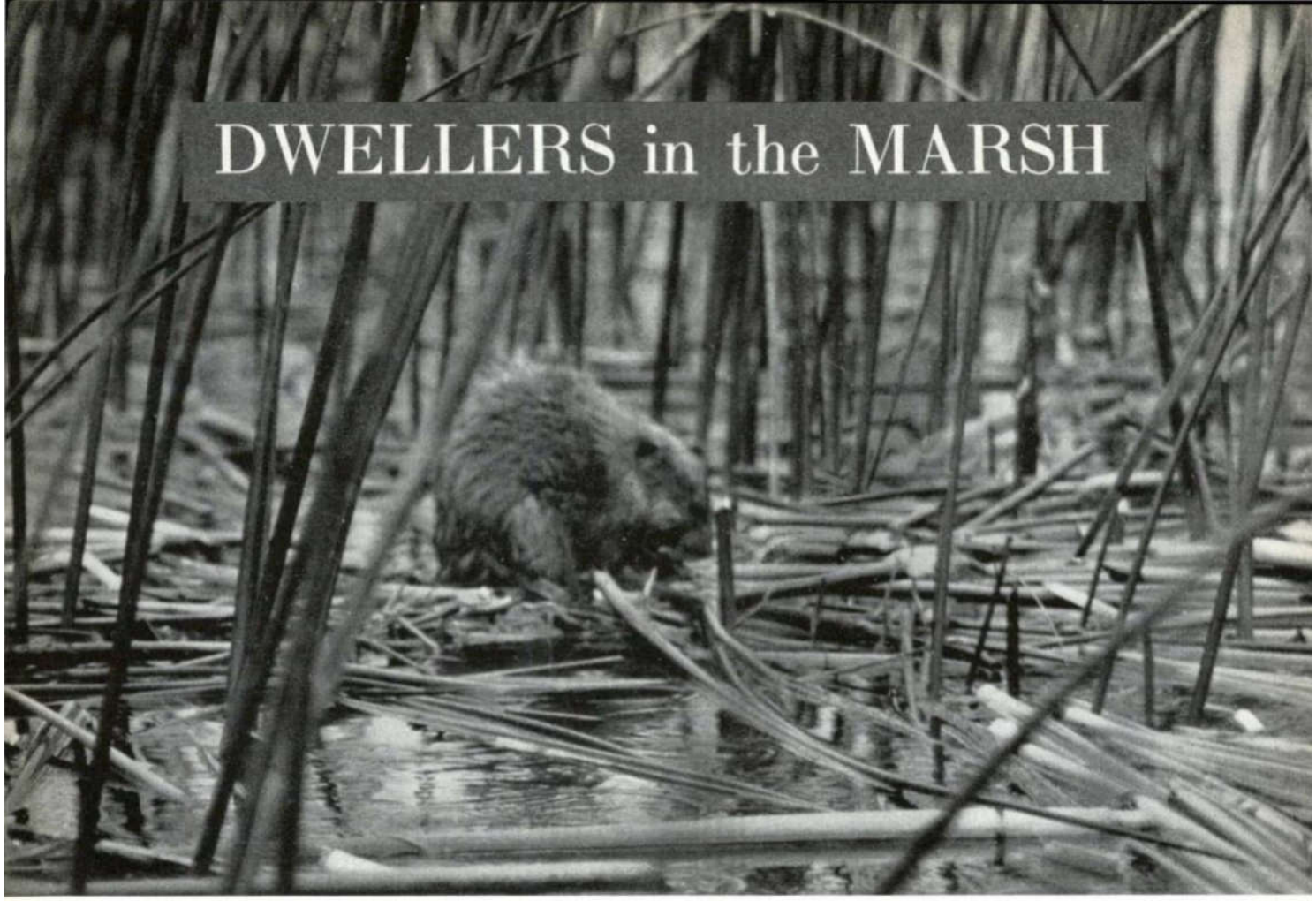
Here, also, is the grave of the four children of the Rev. Edward Cridge, who all died from diphtheria within the space of two months. The Honourable John Work lies here too, one of the most noted fur traders on the Pacific coast and member of the Legislative Council of the island. A large table-like memorial marks the grave of Chief Factor Charles Dodd, twenty-five years in the service of the Company and commander of the *Beaver* from 1843-52. As in the case of John Work and others, a small headstone engraved with the Company's coat-of-arms has been erected beside the original stone by the British Columbia Historical Association.

Another Company man who took part in the government of the island, and who lies buried in the old cemetery, is the Honourable David Cameron, Chief Justice of the Colony from 1856 to 1865. He married a sister of James Douglas, also called Cecilia. Not far from his grave is the memorial to James Murray Yale, the dynamic little man Dr. John McLoughlin placed in charge of Fort Langley in 1830.

Peacefully now, these long dead fur traders lie beneath the mossy stones. But, as one wanders among them under the great trees, pausing to read the weather worn inscriptions, one involuntarily recalls the hard and dangerous lives they led among the wild tribes of British Columbia and the north Pacific States, who knew no law save that imposed by the traders of the Honourable Company.

The graves of Chief Factors John Work and Charles Dodd in Pioneer Square.

DWELLERS in the MARSH



Muskrat on his bulrush feeding platform

IT WAS late in August when I saw Steeprock marsh. Dr. Leonard Butler, the Company biologist, and his wife, who had spent the previous summer at Steeprock, drove me there from Winnipeg and within half an hour after our arrival that evening Bill Blowey, the manager of the muskrat sanctuary, was taking me up Moose Creek.

"If we're going to get pictures there's not going to be much talking in this canoe," Bill Blowey said abruptly. I nodded assent. I usually started whispering a good half mile before nearing a duck pond and so his admonition was welcome to my ears.

Bill had been a muskrat trapper for many years before he took charge of Steeprock. He had come to Canada from England originally to make his living hunting and trapping, drawn by stories he had heard of the Canadian wilds while he was working in a museum in London. He possessed a good knowledge of northern birds and fur animals gained from long years in the bush. In his patrols of Steeprock he keeps watch over more than the muskrats there—he seems to have a close acquaintance with all the wild creatures of the marsh, from the great horned owls, which he regards as almost his personal enemies because they kill his muskrats, to the small wood warblers within the fringe of trees.

Bill Blowey paddled the canoe without so much as stirring a ripple upon the surface. The small craft was no more than a silent slowly moving shadow gliding up the dark pathway of Moose Creek. I huddled in the prow holding my camera and flashlight equipment in readiness. Across the stream a small swimming form came toward the canoe. I released the camera shutter at the indistinct shape and there was a blinding flash of light as the muskrat plunged beneath the surface.

Bill uttered a smothered exclamation. "Those flash bulbs are likely to scare everything out of the creek. I used to fool around with a camera until it got to be too much of a nuisance but I never bothered with shooting off flashes like that."

I rubbed my dazzled eyes and after a time I could again see the dark banks and the gray path of the river beneath the star-patterned sky. I explained to Bill in whispered tones that I didn't think a great deal of this method of photography myself but there was no other way to photograph animals at night.

Moose Creek winds through the mazes of Steeprock marsh. On either side just beyond the willow-edged shores rose the sounds of the marsh at night. There was the roar of wings of a large flock of mallards, disturbed by some prowler, moving a little way across the shallows and then settling down and uttering protesting, exclamatory quacks. There were the plucking fiddle-string notes of mud hens and the weird cries of rails, and so close by as to seem almost within the creek was the loud barking note of a bluebill duck to her brood of young ones. It was strange to be out on that deserted river with the noises of an unseen marsh rising on either side: the splash of wild ducks alighting, the pounding of wings against the surface as flocks took off, and overhead the thin quavering music of wild wings sweeping through the darkness beneath the stars, formed a strange, beautiful chorus in itself.

None of the calls of wild birds rising out of the darkness could be called musical. They were shrill or guttural or monotonous or harsh. But they all voiced the hidden solitudes of the marshlands.

Along the edge of the creek we passed a pile of brush. "That's the beaver house." Bill explained in a hoarse whisper. "We brought a pair of beaver in here and they're pretty wary—scared after being crated up and travelling on the train. Now they're set loose those two aren't going to take any chances being caught again. I've rarely had sight of them. They haven't built a dam in the creek as yet. But they come at night and keep piling up sticks on the wooden dam we've built across the river as though they think they're helping out or making some improvements, or that the dam belongs to them."

Beside the canoe came a sudden thumping splash as a dark form rose above the surface and plunged from sight. "That's a young beaver; you'd never see the old ones that close."

Presently the shores became more densely wooded and the river entered the forest. There was the soft stir of song birds disturbed beside the creek, a grouse rose with an explosion of wings out of an overhanging spruce. Wild ducks were continually sweeping over the creek from the marshes. The air was chill and the wind in late August spoke of autumn through the dark trees.

Then from far back down the creek came the loud splash of a beaver striking the water with his tail, creating a hollow booming sound repeated at intervals. Somewhere along the way the old beaver had silently watched us passing and gone back down stream to give his warning. I had never known a beaver to be so wary as not to sound his alarm when first he scented human presence, and to delay until he was well away, as this one had done. Bill Blowey explained that this was the old one's habit. Being trapped once had given that pair an education that other beavers didn't have.

From the creek we turned through a channel into the marsh again. The moon was rising from over Lake Winnipegosis—a red half moon above the black reeds. "The time that all wild things are keenest is at sunrise and sunset and moonrise," said Bill Blowey. "But this moon's not bright enough to wake up more than the ducks. The muskrat and beaver will loaf through most of the night and be busy again just before sun up. There's no use us looking much further for them now. You'd best be back in the marsh early tomorrow morning."

Story and Pictures **by Lorene Squire**

A Canada goose rises from her nest on a muskrat house

Before sunrise the following morning we were proceeding up the creek through a thick white mist rising off the water. With the red dawn, clouds began gathering. There had been exceptionally little rain at Steeprock all summer but it looked as though there was going to be rain the one day I could be there. There is no better weather for shooting wild ducks than a gray drizzly downpour, but for photographing birds on the wing there must be a fairly good light.

On every hand wild ducks were rising out of the reeds and winging off into the rainy sky. Most of them were birds that had spent the summer in the marsh—full grown broods of young and adult birds now gaining the use of their wings after their summer moult. Steeprock, I realized, was serving a double purpose, as it was a sanctuary for both muskrat and wildfowl. The muskrats themselves formed of the marsh good duck nesting grounds, for it is along the runways the muskrats open through the reeds that the wild ducks go in summer to build their nests and to hide in moulting season. Unless the muskrats have preceded them, these birds, with their blunt beaks and round bodies, cannot push entrance into dense cattail and bulrush thickets. Anyone who has tried to pry his way through these thick reed tangles can realize the difficulty of any creature even so small as a teal forcing entrance here. These hidden pathways, which the ducks take to and from their nests before they wing into the air, make it difficult for crows and other predators to locate their nests, and so the muskrat is something of a protector of nesting wildfowl. More than this, his home is appropriated by ducks and Canada geese as a platform on which to build their nests. They may not even delay until he has deserted his house before they take it over. The geese often lay their eggs upon the mound of reed stalks while the muskrat is still raising his family in the hollowed out chamber below.

In regulating the water levels of Steeprock to provide the best of conditions for a muskrat sanctuary, the Hudson's Bay Company had created the best of feeding grounds for wild ducks. Since the patrols of the marsh maintained a careful protection of the wildfowl there, it was no wonder that Steeprock appeared as much a bird sanctuary as a muskrat sanctuary. There were blue-winged teal rising in their abrupt whirring flight, and blue bills splashing off taking a long running start across the water to rise into the air. There were mallards and pintail and widgeon, a few canvas backs and red heads, and now and then rails got up and fluttered off in their slow uncertain flight just over the reed tops, and settled down again. And there were great blue herons and bitterns rising leisurely from the shallows and winging slowly and majestically away.

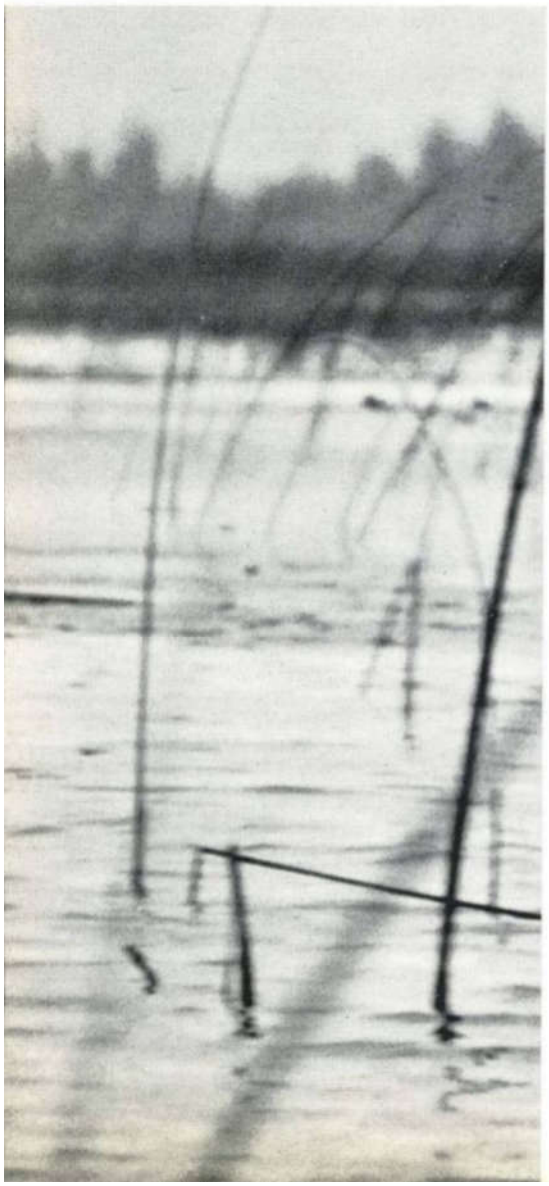
Bluebill takes off

Before the prow of the canoe, off a piece of boggy mud gleaned clear of reeds by muskrats in their feeding, there suddenly catapulted into the air a small dull coloured bird uttering a protesting "*scaip, scaip.*" Then from the apparently empty mud patches there swept into the sky a flock of jack or Wilson snipe. They rose, not in concerted flight, but in zigzags and swerves and twistings and turnings. The birds seemed to have exploded in all directions into the air, all uttering their harsh protesting cries.

Jacksnipe move through their haunts, I had believed, always as solitary birds—they migrate in flocks, but since they come and go in the night they are rarely seen thus. They scatter out beneath the grasses probing the mud with their long beaks, moving almost invisible there. Anyone who has hunted jacksnipe knows the procedure—flushing solitary birds from cover, never knowing when the next jacksnipe will suddenly pop up almost from right underfoot and go hurtling off in contortions of flight that would compare favourably to the movements of a whirling dervish, bringing a gun in line with a feathered missile that is doing his best to be in every direction at once.

In shooting wildfowl with a camera I have always clung to the hope of taking a picture of a jacksnipe. Whether the ambition is a worthy one or not has nothing to do with the subject. That is what I wanted.

Guess what . . .



I have spent years and years wading through bogs and wet meadows and marshlands putting up jacksnipe and getting no more than a blank piece of film for my pains. I have turned my camera over and over again at these small unpredictable birds zigzagging off before my baffled gaze and always my camera has been focused on the place the jacksnipe was not. My efforts at photographing jacksnipe have left me only with a sense of helpless futility and exasperation and dejection, and of solemn respect toward what is, not excepting the woodcock, ruffed grouse, or any bird that flies, the most difficult target in existence.

I looked at that flock of small dull-gray birds with amazed incredulity. They seemed to fill the reeds and sky with their twistings and turnings and sharp *scaip-scaip* notes and then they were gone. After a short time the flock, this time almost in concerted flight, swept back into the open mud patches and disappeared as if by magic behind the broken reed stems. We shoved the canoe into the reeds towards the apparently empty bogs and the flock rose again, suddenly materializing with a burst of wings, scattering and flashing back and forth beneath the gray leaden skies to be gone from sight.

I was unwilling to proceed further. Perhaps the jacksnipe would come back a second time. "There's lots of snipe bogs like this around here," Bill Blowey told me. "Those birds are always jumping up and skittering off like that. Nothing unusual."

We progressed a little way through the reeds and there rose another flock. With them were a few dowitchers and yellow legs, but the jacksnipe were far in predominance, and while the others winged off in a fairly straight line the snipe ricochetted into the air. So small they were, so swift, and so scattered, flashing off into every direction, that I could not hope to bring the camera upon them—the jacksnipe were all around

Jacksnipe flock

me but I was no more than turning my camera first one way and then another trying to find those diminutive catapults on the focusing screen. I forgot the ducks, I forgot muskrats except for wondering that a muskrat marsh of all places should possess a snipe bog like this. I thought of gunners who would consider these pieces of boggy mud the Promised Land.

We pulled the canoe into the reeds and waited there a little while until a flock of snipe returned, sweeping headlong into the bog and scattering and taking their various ways across the mud patches as they alighted. Perhaps, I thought, perhaps I had made a picture of some kind, even though the light was dull and the birds were half hidden by the reeds and I had taken shots at them when still at some distance.

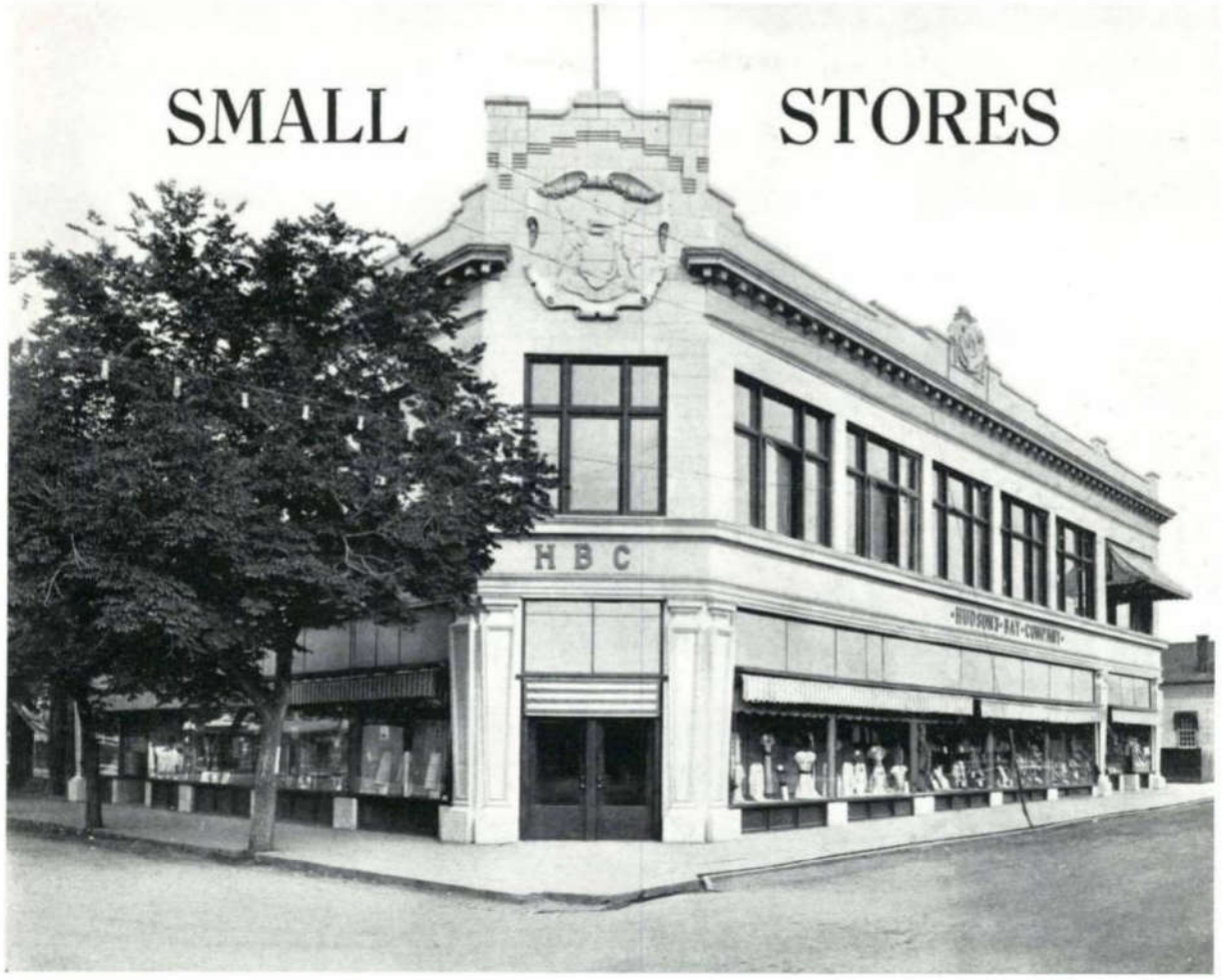
That afternoon the rain set in. Dr. Butler and his wife took me in a small flat bottomed skiff into the marsh to try to find a muskrat for me. We took the craft softly and slowly through the reeds and then, as we turned back, decided that the muskrats were not foolish enough to come out in the rain even if we were. Then we discovered a lone individual perched upon a bulrush feeding platform busily chewing on the white tender end of a bulrush stem. He was not afraid but allowed the boat to come very near before he swam off and then climbed upon another reed bed. He went right on with his feeding, ignoring us. He appeared a very self-assured muskrat—this was his marsh he seemed to say. His brown coat, even in the rain, remained fluffy and dry—he perched there, holding the reed stem in his small hands, chewing noisily on it and indifferently staring at us with his brown bright eyes. Then he slid into the water and swam idly off.

That evening Bill and I went out again on the quiet waters of Moose Creek. Beneath the bank we hid the canoe and waited silently there. In the early twilight the stream was empty. Then as the marsh was awakening on either side with the noise of wings and loud notes through the misty rain, the banks of the creek seemed suddenly to come to life like a city street at the beginning of day. From holes upon the water's edge small furred faces were peeping out and beneath the bank there were swimming forms pausing at the doorways of burrows and going in and coming out. It was as though at some unheard music the "little people" of old legends had suddenly appeared, or the Pied Piper had played his tune. They came out without sound and without any signal, and why suddenly the muskrats along a bank would all suddenly appear within that strange misty twilight there can be no saying. It was as if by magic they materialized. Because we made no movement they ignored our presence. They climbed up on the banks and fed off the long grass, they scurried up and down along the water's edge before their small doorways, and two small young muskrats played together like kittens scuffling and racing along the bank.

The silent coming and going of these small bright-eyed brown-furred creatures was very strange to see. Then as darkness came on and the rain began they vanished, scattering off for their evening's feeding or retreating into the burrows. They were gone as swiftly and incomprehensibly as they had appeared. The next morning at dawn none were to be seen and the creek was empty except for a beaver suddenly diving before the prow of the canoe. There was nothing to tell that for a brief time the evening before the banks had been filled with myriad brown furred forms.

We left Steeprock marsh in midmorning and I took a last glance at the hushed mazes of reeds beneath the gray rain. I wondered what the marsh would be like in the sunlight and what it would be in other seasons. Summer would fill the reeds with nesting ducks and late autumn would sweep hosts of wildfowl along the sedgy shores. Soon the reeds would be turning yellow, and within them there would be everywhere the haycock nests of muskrats. While the wild birds were gone to the south the muskrat would be denned up in his snug winter home. When they returned he would be busily swimming about building his own nest—silent and obscure—while the ducks in their spring plumage moved in brilliant colours across the sky and through the greening reeds. These were pictures to charm the imagination—pictures which some day, I hope, I'll go back to see for myself among the marsh dwellers of Steeprock.

SMALL STORES



The Company's store at Vernon, B.C.

THE best kind of tradition that an old company can be bound by is the tradition of keeping abreast of the times. This is well illustrated in the development of the Hudson's Bay Company. In the last seventy years, the Adventurers of England have seen the Canadian West change from a "great lone land," sparsely peopled by fur traders and Indians, to a thriving agricultural, mining, and industrial country. But, carrying on the traditions set by the old fur traders, they have continued to pioneer in many fields, and foreseeing altered trading conditions have gone out to meet them halfway.

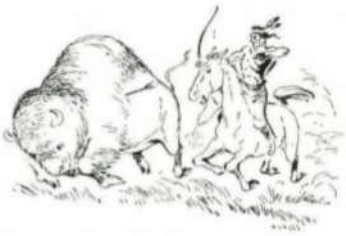
The story of how some of their famous forts have evolved through the decades into great modern department stores is well known. But not so well known is the tale of how other less important fur posts, established in regions that have now become populous, developed into retail centres that are now linked across Canada in one long chain of small stores.

Kamloops is one of these. Founded in 1812 by J. J. Astor's Pacific Fur Company, the post was taken over by the North West Company, and after the union of 1821 by the Hudson's Bay Company. Besides fur trading, the Company had a farm there for breeding cattle and horses. Pack horses were needed for the New Caledonian Brigade, which left Kamloops in the spring and returned in the fall—after a journey of some 1275 miles—with the year's outfit from Fort Vancouver. Governor Simpson advised keeping a stronger complement of men at the post than was actually needed for trading operations, for the Shuswap Indians around Kamloops were often dangerous to deal with.

Gold was discovered in the district in 1862 and miners flocked in. The Company moved its post to a more advantageous site and expanded its business to take care of outfitting them. In 1885, the C.P.R. arrived, and manufacturing industries began to be established. Then the C.N.R. came, and the town became a divisional point for both lines.

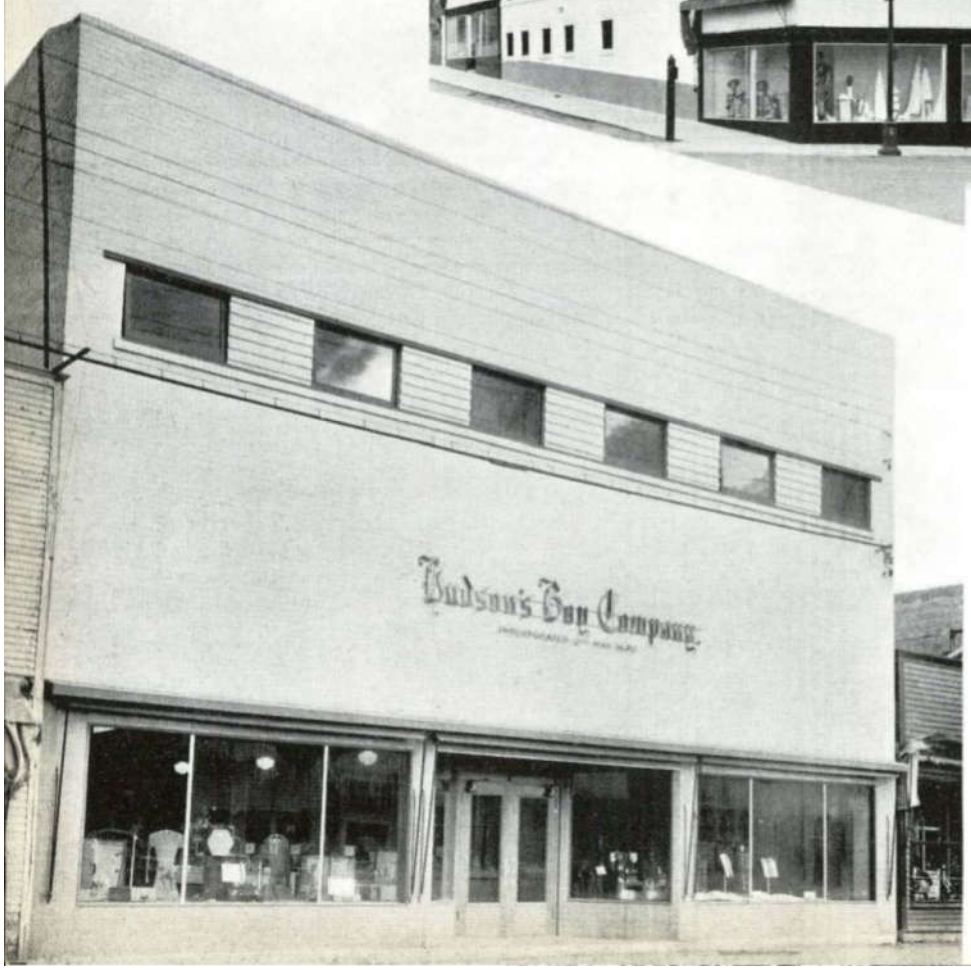
As it grew, the Company business was transferred from the post to store buildings in the centre of town, and in 1912 another move was made, to the building now occupied. This is now a small department store run on modern lines, and doing a thriving trade in one of the most important inland towns of British Columbia.

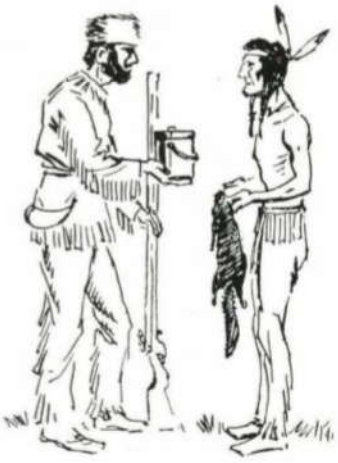
The store at Vernon, B.C., is another that evolved from a fur trading post, but the Company did not establish itself there until 1887. Up to that time, supplies could be obtained only from Kamloops or from the coast, many weary miles away by pack train. The railroad came in 1892, and in that year Lord Aberdeen, the Governor-General, bought a ranch there from Forbes G. Vernon, after whom the town was named. The fruit growing industry, for which the Okanagan Valley is now famous, may be said to date from that purchase.



Yorkton, Saskatchewan

Kamloops, B.C.





Flin Flon, Manitoba

An increase in the number of fruit ranches in the valley meant more business for the Company, and in 1897 a store was built to take care of it. Fifteen years later, the present building was erected, and this is still shopping headquarters for most people in Vernon and neighbourhood.

The Company's third small store in British Columbia, at Nelson, sprang not from the fur trade, but from gold mining. The celebrated Hall Mines on Toad Mountain were discovered in 1886, and news of the strike brought a rush of prospectors to the scene. Business boomed, wages were high, and money flowed like water. Then the railroads came, and the Company opened its first store there in 1902 under the superintendence of the chief trader at Kamloops. A larger store was erected in 1910, and this was added to after the war. To-day its streamlined front stands as an ornament to Nelson's shopping district.

The origin of the store at Yorkton, Saskatchewan, is sufficiently curious to be worth recording. Up to its establishment, the townsfolk had obtained most of their supplies from the Hudson's Bay store in Winnipeg, three hundred miles away. But towards the close of the century they formally petitioned the Company to establish a branch store at Yorkton. The request was acceded to, and in 1898 the Company started business there in a small rented building. Most of the settlers in the district were ranchers who brought their cattle to Yorkton for shipment to market, and when they were in town they usually bought six months' supplies at a time. Gradually the Company's business expanded, and in 1903 they bought the leased building and enlarged it to take care of greater needs. Farming succeeded ranching in the country round about, business continued to grow, and a new store in the classic style of architecture was opened in 1912, on the two hundred and forty-second anniversary of the granting of the Charter.

With these four stores—Kamloops, Vernon, Nelson, and Yorkton—as a nucleus, the Company in 1937 formed what is now the Small Stores Division. Since that time administration has been centred at Winnipeg and four additional stores added to the chain.

In 1938 the Line posts at Sioux Lookout and Nipigon in Ontario were transferred from the fur trade. These stores, situated on main transportation lines, had, like many others before them, outgrown the fur trading post stage of their existence and were becoming the centres of modern communities.

In September of the same year a new building was erected at the famous northern mining town of Flin Flon. Although the first brick was laid in June, this modern and streamlined unit was opened for business on September the first, a fair example of present day standards in speed of organization, construction and transportation. Flin Flon, which boasts one of the largest mines and smelters in Canada, is advancing rapidly and is already Manitoba's third city.

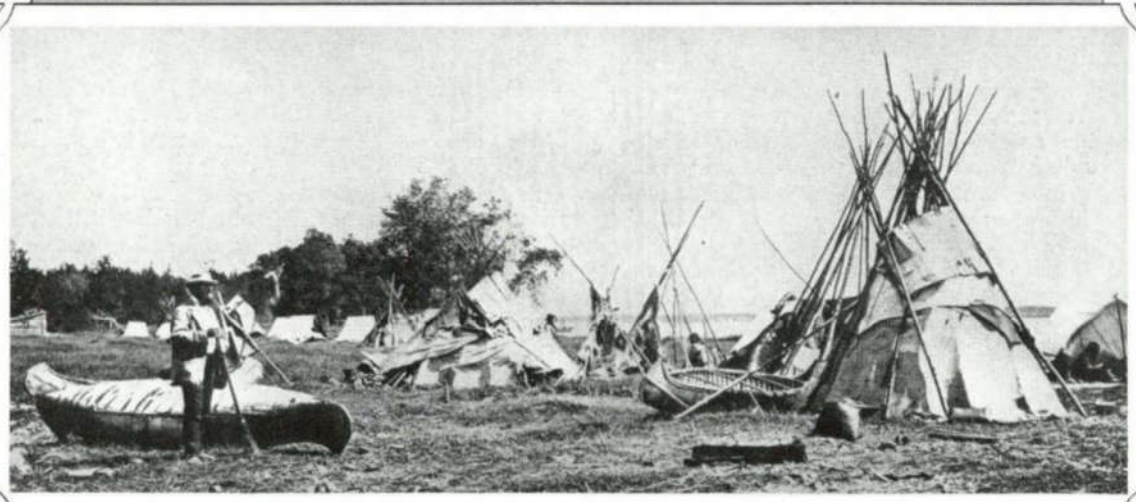
The eighth and most easterly of the small stores is at Baie Comeau, situated on the estuary of the St. Lawrence, a little way below the old King's Post of Bersimis. A few years ago, the Ontario Paper Company, jointly owned by the Chicago *Tribune* and the New York *Daily News*, began to build a huge newsprint mill there. The Hudson's Bay Company had been doing business on the Lower St. Lawrence for over a century, and before the mill went into operation, they had erected a fine modern building in the heart of the new town growing up around the plant, where the residents of that outpost of civilization may now shop to their hearts' content.

So from Baie Comeau on the east to Kamloops on the west, stretches this chain of up-to-date little stores where the residents of small communities can enjoy shopping facilities heretofore associated only with the larger department stores in the cities. Each store has a manager who knows the value of teamwork and organization; and being solely responsible for the success of his unit, he is keen to take advantage of the modern merchandising methods which govern all the stores of this ancient Company. At the Company's Canadian headquarters in Winnipeg, the co-ordination of all these units is worked out, and here all the operations are synchronized with the large stores and with all the other departments of the Company of Adventurers trading into—and far beyond—Hudson's Bay.

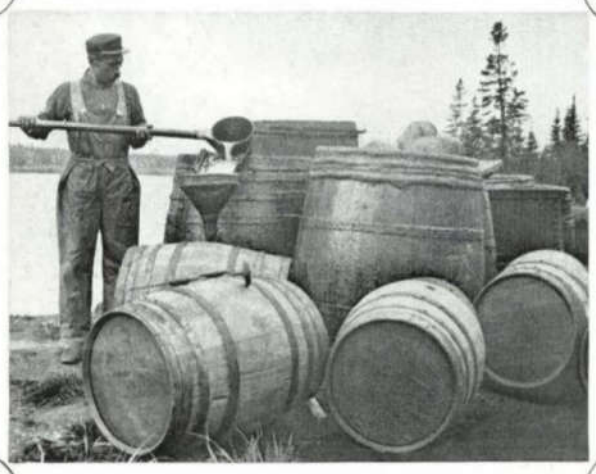
The store at Nelson, B.C.

Early Hudson's Bay Photos by James L. Cotter

Chief Factor Cotter took these pictures at various posts on the shores of Hudson Bay and Labrador. The difficulties under which he worked were described by his son, the late H. M. S. Cotter, in the December 1933 issue of *The Beaver*.



Indian camp at Moose Factory in the '70's. One wigwam is partly covered with bark.

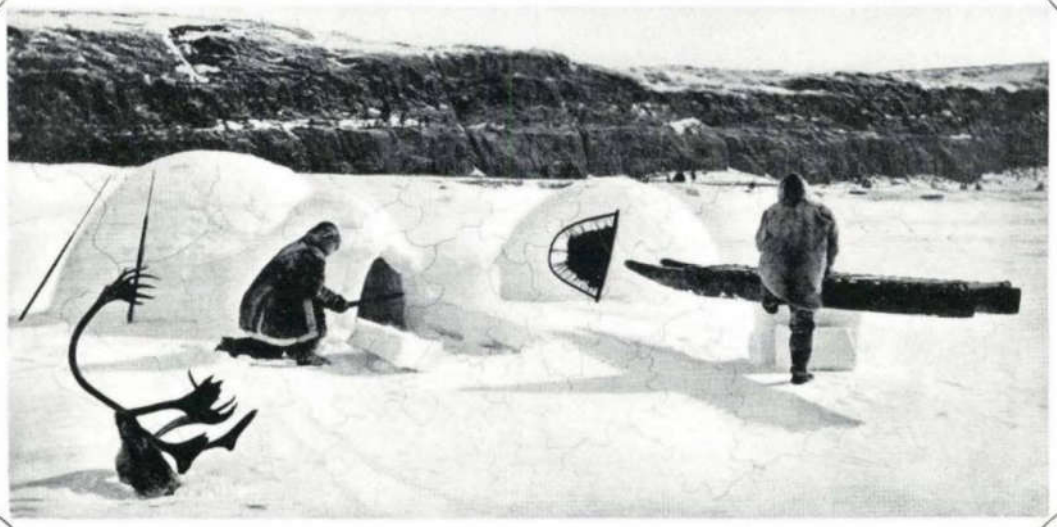


Ladling seal oil into casks marked 97 EB NWR BO (1897 Eskimo Bay North West River Boiled Oil).

A snowshoe party. On the right is the photographer's daughter, Nadnie, now a nurse at Cumberland House.

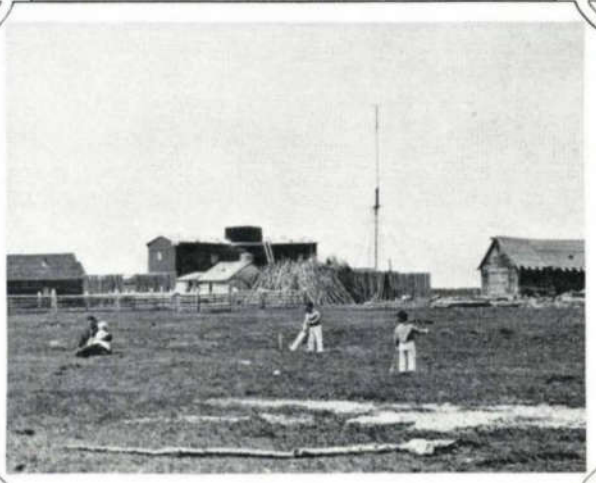
Davis Inlet post, Labrador, with barrels of sea trout on the wharf.

Nascopie Indians at Davis Inlet, 1892. H.M.S. Cotter on the right.



Building a snow house at Little Whale River, 1872. Note the skin stretcher with the skin folded over it. The lines are due to cracks in the emulsion.

Campers with their North canoe, 1883.



Cricket at Fort George, 1867.

YORK BOAT BRIGADE

By W. Cornwallis King as told to Mary Weekes

Chief Trader King's experiences trading out of Lower Fort Garry in 1862 were told in *The Beaver* a year ago. This story describes his departure the following summer for the Mackenzie River.

ONE day at Lower Fort Garry in 1863, the Governor sent for me. "It is the first of June," said he. "The Red River brigade leaves on the 3rd. We have decided to send you north with it." I was a bit taken aback, I must confess. But I answered, "I am looking forward to the adventure." "You'll find hard work and responsibility there," answered the Governor. "Many of the young clerks in the North complain about the monotony." I said, "As if the fur business could be monotonous!" The Governor smiled. "The North is one place where men of imagination are needed. You'll do well in the northern service."

That was a great day, the day we left the fort. On the banks of the Red River lay the first section of the brigade—three boats—ready to set off on their perilous trip to Fort Simpson, of over 2,000 miles. Through the banging of guns, the salute of cannon, the cheering of the crowds, I was conscious of a great uplift. The whole colony, about three or four hundred people, had come to cheer us on our way.

Baptiste Bruce, a celebrated boat guide of the North, was in charge. Under his sharp quick commands, the crew looked to their cargo. And Bruce inspected it himself, examining the lashings carefully. The complement of each boat was from seventy-five to one hundred packages of one hundred pounds each and the value estimated at $5,000. The cargo load of the entire brigade, nine boats, was estimated at from $45,000 to $50,000.

All this cargo was entrusted to one man, Baptiste Bruce, for safe carriage over the treacherous waters to Methy Portage. I can still hear Bruce's commands. They came short and clear. At his word, when everything about the long low open boats had been made safe, the crew fell into their places. We had a crew of eight men: a steersman, a bowsman, six middlemen. Although I was the officer in charge of the brigade, I took the place Bruce assigned me with the men.

Suddenly, through the noise of the send-off, one word rang out, *Embarque*! That call was more potent than any military reveille. With a shout the men grasped their oars. The boats shot out from their moorings. The men sang in time to their oars. In the bow of my boat, Baptiste Bruce stood, like a figure-head, calm, rigid. As we drew farther and farther away, the voices of the crowd, whose very existence depended upon the returns of the fur cargoes, grew fainter. I looked at the rowers. Beads of sweat stood round and silvery on their hairy breasts and between their powerful brown shoulders. The Great Voyage had begun!

Away we went. A slight wind filled the sails and carried the boat down the river, relieving the oarsmen. Only the bowsman and steersman stood in their places. I sat atop the cargo thrilled. "Too bad," I said after a while, "that the second section of the brigade isn't with us. In case of trouble, they could stand by."

"Nothing like that!" said Bruce. "We have men enough here to handle anything. You will see. Suppose we, and Lesperance with the second section of this brigade, should arrive at the rapids and the portages together? There is not enough room on the portages. The men would be standing on one foot while we unloaded, portaged our cargo, and hauled our boats up the river. There is plenty of reason why Lesperance should not leave the Fort for two or three days yet!"

Well, being a greenhorn, I didn't see. But I let it go. After a while the wind died down. Even when the wind was right we could make only fair speed, drifting. I began to think it was a pretty tame business. I moved about examining the boat furnishings and chatting with the men who sat or lay upon the taut tarpaulins. The sun was hot.

I was clerk-in-charge of this great brigade bound for Fort Simpson, thence back to York Factory. I was responsible for supervising the landing and receiving of cargoes at the portages and posts. I had the responsibility of the delivery and reception of official letters at each post on our route. I should have felt a man of affairs. I knew that I was not much more than supercargo. I felt mighty green.

The actual commander of the brigade was Baptiste Bruce. From the moment he put his foot into the first boat of the brigade until the boat touched shore, no matter where, he was in complete command. No other officer of the Company, no matter what his rank, even the Governor of the Company himself, dared interfere. And there was wisdom in these rules as you will see.

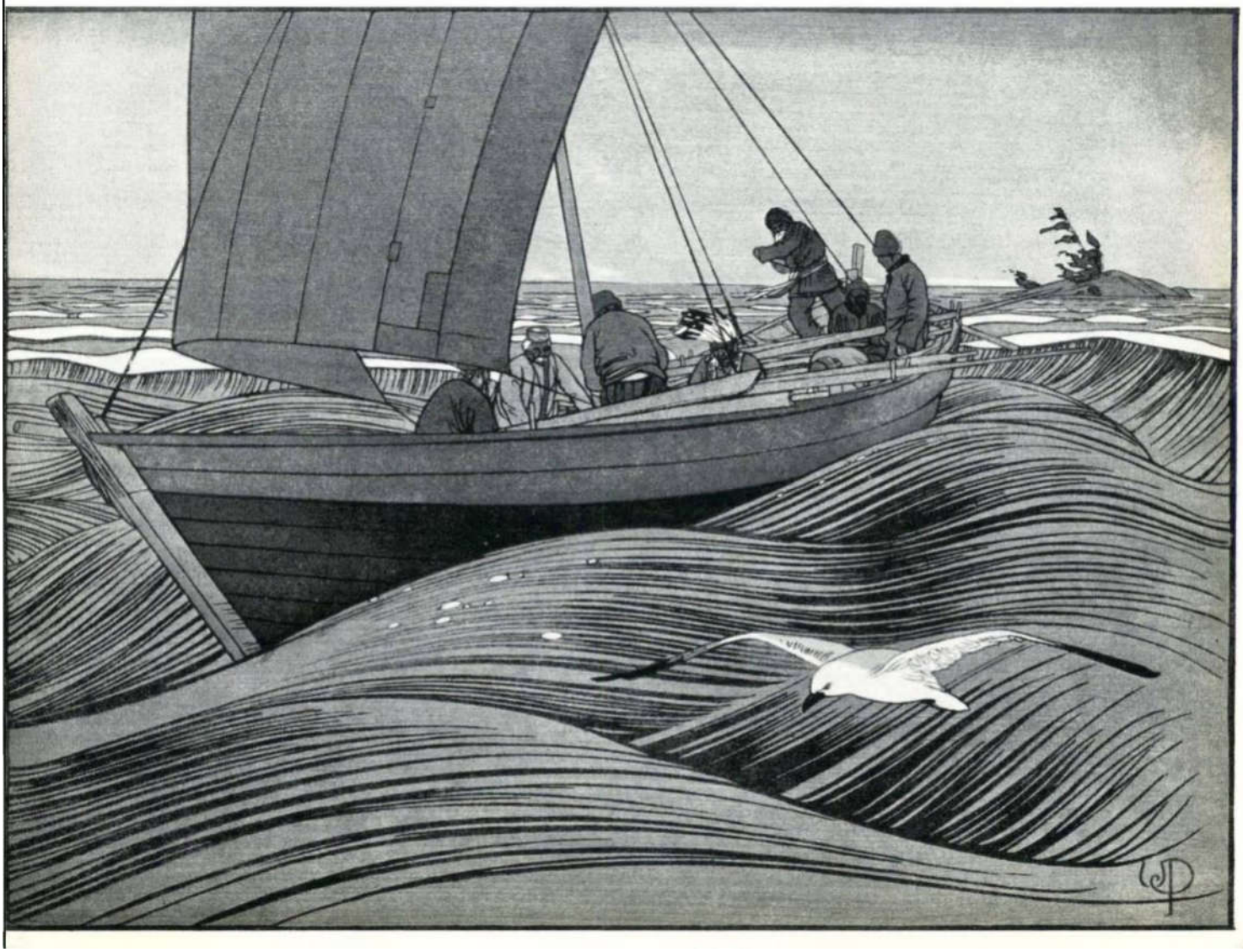
Great fellows, those guides. And the boatmen. Men too! Their physique would do credit to the ancient Greeks. And how they could sing! In Scotch, French, English, and Indian of many dialects.

The York Boats were built in the colony by Company shipbuilders. Of native spruce, they had a thirty-three-foot keel and an eight-foot beam. They were designed to travel over lakes, rivers and rapids.

I began to look about and examine our outfit. We had no luxuries. Three pounds was the gross weight of food allowed each man on the bill of lading. It consisted of a little pemmican, tea, a bit of flour, tobacco; no luxuries. For dunnage, the middlemen were allowed fifteen pounds, the steersman twenty pounds. This food was supplied on the outgoing trip, at Fort Garry, Norway House, Cumberland House, and then at Portage la Loche. On the return trip at the same places. Two very important articles were a tool chest and a medicine chest. The medicine chest, equipped according to the formula of the Company's doctor in London, contained: two pounds of epsom salts (crystals), one dozen purgative powders, one dozen vomits (in little packets), one small spirits smelling salts, one half dozen bottles pain-killer (medium size), one or two rolls of sticking plaster, lancet, a pair of forceps. With these drugs was a book of instructions. But none of the men, not even the guide, could read them. However, they knew the doses of everything by heart. A guide never gave a man medicine to administer to himself. He was required to fetch his pannikin—a tin dish that held a pint—filled with river water, and the guide poured out what he estimated as a dose. This the patient had to drink under his observation. This was to prevent men from shamming sickness. There was very little deception practised however. When it came to extracting a tooth, the guide set his patient up against the side of the boat, got a firm grip on the tooth and hauled it out. A jackknife was all that was required for an amputation. Everything was managed very well.

I looked at the tool-chest box. Said a boatman, "This might mean life or death to us!" He was so earnest that I examined the contents carefully. There

York Boat on Lake Winnipeg. From a coloured woodcut by W. J. Phillips, R.C.A.



was a hammer, axe, handsaw, a bundle of assorted cut nails, brace-and-bit, gimlet, three assorted chisels, caulking irons, oakum, a pail of tar, a couple of yards of spare canvas, assorted thread (this was lift thread that came in little bundles and was sold by the pound), two sail needles, a half-dozen awls, some babiche—rawhide cut into thin strips for mending clothes and sails.

As I stood in the hot sun that morning so long ago and realized that every item we had aboard had been planned with attention to economy of space and weight and use, I was impressed.

I remember asking a boatman about the equipment of the boat itself. This included a large axe, three eight-gallon tin boat kettles, a two-quart bailing pan, extra sail and rigging, a pair of spare oars, a removable steering rudder, and a bundle of straps.

I asked Baptiste Bruce about the carrying straps. He said, "There are ten to the bundle. We use them on the portages. Each man is given one, and I, or another guide, put the names of the men on them. At the end of the trip these straps must be returned to me. Suppose a man lose his strap? Then he must buy another. And, how he will grumble if he has to buy a second strap out of his hard earned money! When a man pays for a thing, he is careful. Is that not right, Noel?"

Noel, who was tuning up his fiddle, answered, "You are right, Baptiste." "It is hard earn money for sure! But the life of a boatman—it is one big full life. Me? I would rather be in this Red River brigade than—than anything else. It is one damn big honour for a man to be picked for a boatman for Bruce's brigade. Hurrah for Bruce!" He jumped to his feet, waved his fiddle, and stepped out a vigorous jig, the men kept time with their hands.

Bruce walked away, and Noel spoke again. He said, "The money is not everything on a trip like this. It is the honour of being picked for this service. Sixteen pounds for the round trip is the pay of an ordinary boatman. But the steersman gets twenty pounds. But he has the responsibility! The foreman has a hard job too, and he gets eighteen pounds. Bruce he gets twenty-five pounds, and, if results are good, a bonus at the end of the trip. And he has many privileges. He is allowed to mess with the officer in charge of the brigade, generally the chief factor. This time it is yourself, the clerk. But me? I am lucky on this trip. Baptiste Bruce has picked me for your camp attendant to cook for you. For this I get two pounds extra. And I will get better food."

I felt surprised and pleased to hear that I had been assigned a personal servant. Noel was repacking his dunnage bag. I noticed that he had one three-point Hudson's Bay blanket, a pair of ten-ounce duck trousers and a duck frock—this was a kind of shirt that hung loose over the trousers—a small towel, a cake of soap, a comb, a looking-glass and a couple of pairs of moccasins. These fellows certainly could travel light. Yet, what more did a man need?

We started at noon from Lower Fort Garry and drifted down the river—about twenty miles. During the night a strong fair wind arose which filled our sails and carried us along.

At 3 a.m., when we got out on Lake Winnipeg, the wind arose to a storm. To my surprise, Bruce headed out into the middle of the lake.

"*Towich*!" commanded Bruce. The crew came alive. The vigour of that command brought me to attention too. The men, dragging their starboard oars, swerved the boat and with long mighty strokes steered straight out to open water.

"What does *Towich* mean?" I asked. But though I stood immediately above the oarsman, my voice came faint through the hoarse wind. "Out into the open lake. It is Cree," he answered. Then he roared a curse of defiance, as an avalanche of water raked the boat from stem to stern. Without missing a stroke, the men got out of their wet jackets, and, with bare bodies, doubled to their oars.

A long hour passed. The wind ascended to a gale. Bruce moved to the steersman. Through the roar of wind and water, his orders came distinct. "The other boats," he commanded, "must not be allowed to catch up to us, or come nearer than two hundred yards. They must not pass us!" He watched to see that when he hoisted or slackened sail, the men in the other boats did likewise.

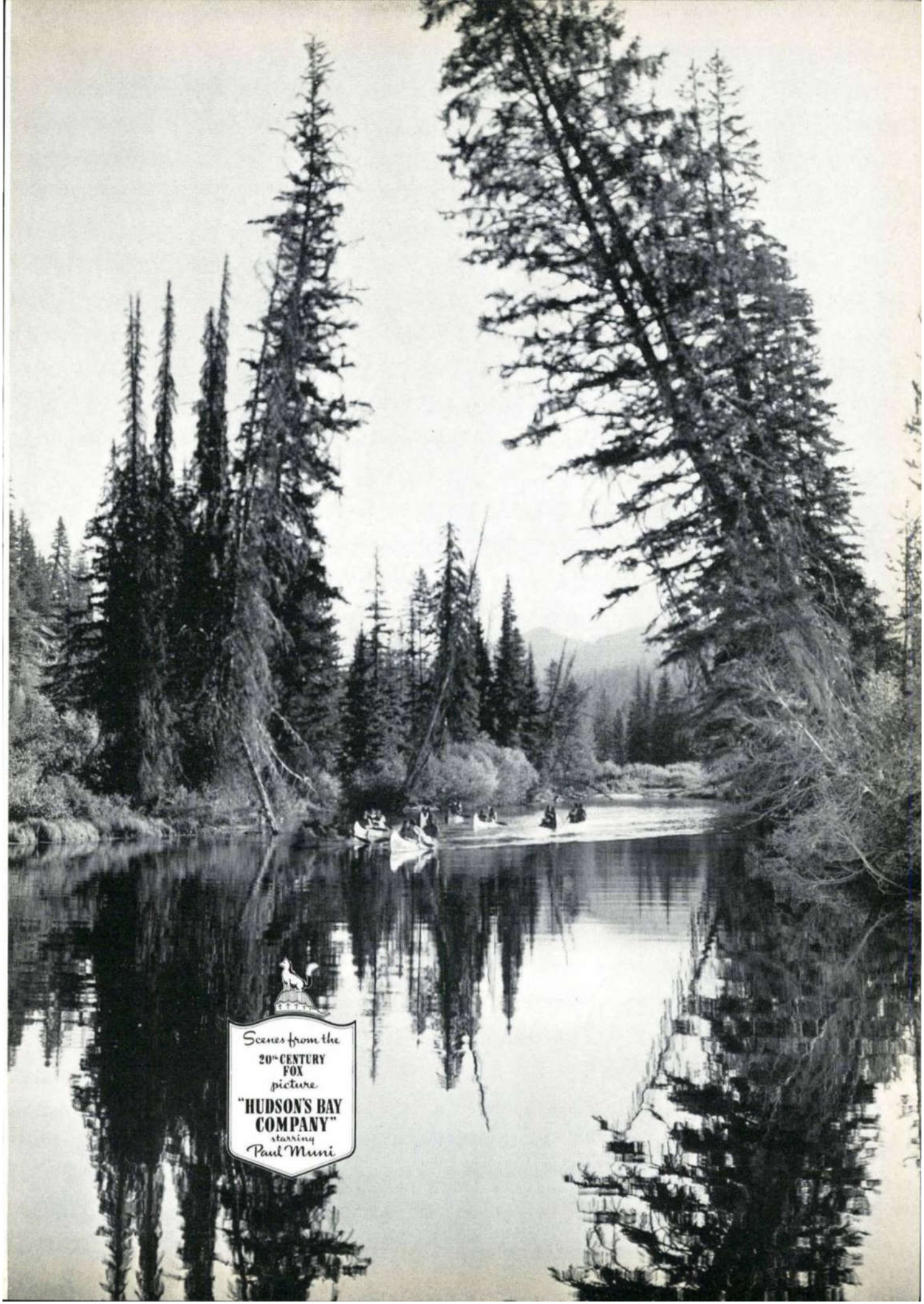
Now Bruce took the steersman's place. The wind had grown dangerous. Bruce's voice, iron-cool, reached every man. Still his orders were distinct, unhurried. He said: "Put the smoke-moose tarpaulins (coverings from fifteen to eighteen feet long and nine feet wide) over the boats. Nail them securely over the edges. Take all spare oars off the outside of the boats. Lash them right, lengthwise, down the middle of the cargo. Attend to the fastenings at bow and stern. All men to the pans and bail!"

I found myself with the men bailing, bailing, bailing. Heavens! how the water found, and lodged in, the hollows. Despite the great seamanship of the men, I feared we would be swamped. Now I understood the wisdom of Bruce's command. "*Towich*!" Out here on the open water, the waves were less treacherous than inshore. They were longer and heavier, more like sea-waves. Nearer shore, the back-wash would have swamped the boat.

It seems like yesterday that I was set in that stormy scene. The bitter oaths of the men punctuated the bellowing wind as the heavy combers struck the boat fore and aft, roared over the bow, drenched us to the skin. "Bail, bail!" Bruce's voice never ceased. The pitch-black night wore on. No man hesitated. Not one complained. The cold was a knife cutting into us like pain. No matter! Through the thumping seas, the men remained strong and steady in their rowing places. They were galley-slaves; Bruce their master. I sometimes wonder if there are men anywhere today—men of the breed of these Red River voyageurs!

Out of the long nervous hours a grey dawn came. At the helm, Bruce was a Viking of old come to life, standing his boat to the open sea. I wished that morning that I were an artist to paint him so—the great pilot, his muscles like whipcords alive on his brown body. The men broke into song. Great joyous, lusty song. They had forgotten their thirst, their fatigue. They were triumphant.

I had forgotten about my personal servant. We had had little food or rest for three days. Our lives, the cargo, were in peril. From the mouth of the Red to Berens River, to Norway House, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles, we never went ashore. We made a record trip of three hundred miles in a day and a half. This was the first lap of our journey to Mackenzie's river. The first-water brand of seamanship of the Red River boatmen is no legend. Some years later it took me twenty-one days to make this selfsame trip.


Scenes from the
20th CENTURY
FOX
picture
"HUDSON'S BAY
COMPANY"
starring
Paul Muni

In a Montreal tavern Radisson (Muni) and Groseilliers (Laird Cregar) tell Lord Crewe (John Sutton) of the wonders of Hudson's Bay.

•

Making a portage on the way up to the Bay.

Returning in canoes laden with furs, Radisson's party is welcomed at Montreal.

•

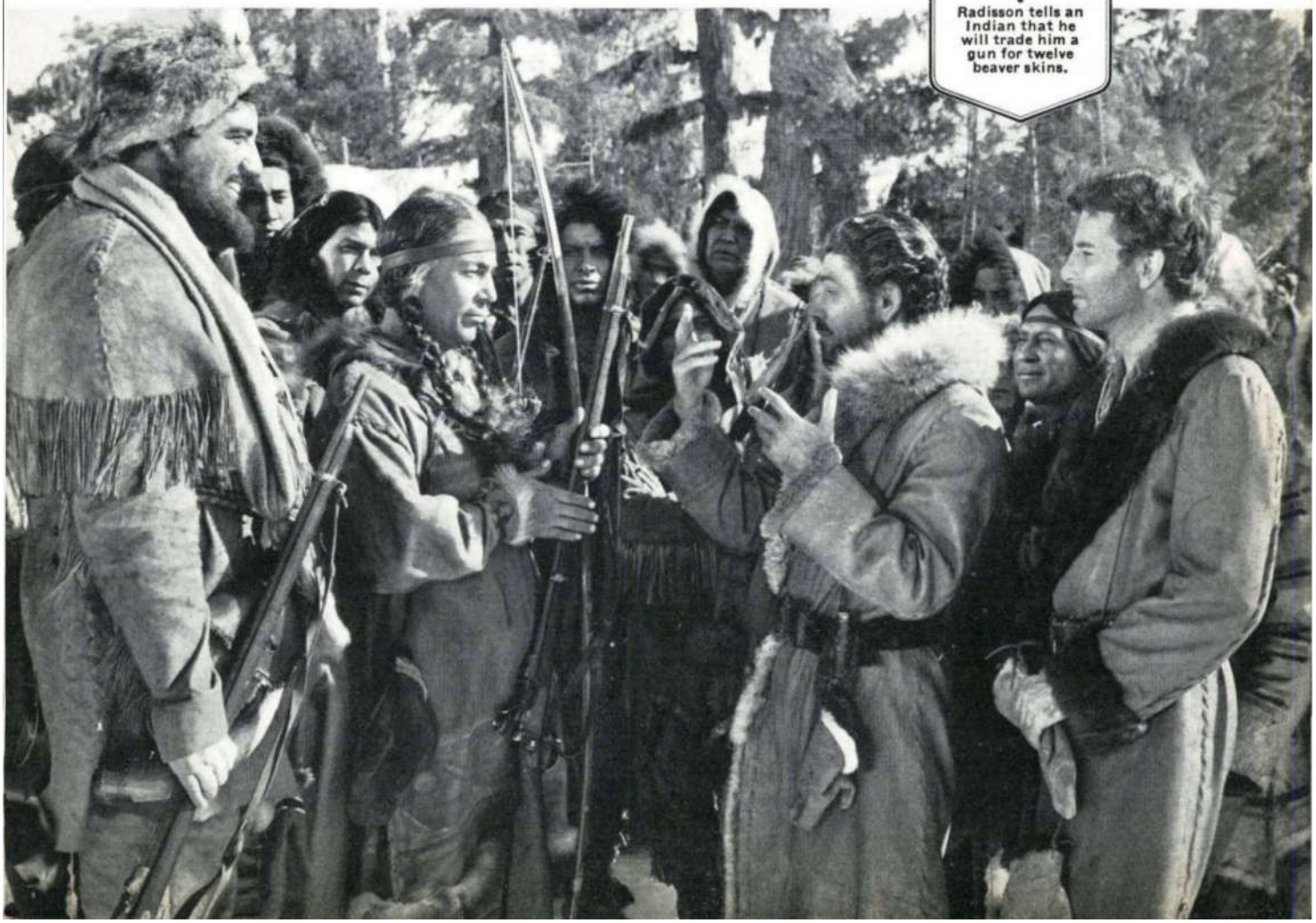
The three traders remonstrate with the Governor who has confiscated their furs.

The grand court ball where Radisson and Groseilliers meet King Charles II.

Radisson tells Charles (Vincent Price) and Rupert (Nigel Bruce) about Canada.

Crewe and his fiancee Lady Barbara, (Gene Tierney) study the latest in Paris fashions.

The "Nonsuch" leaves London on the first expedition to Hudson's Bay.



Radisson tells an Indian that he will trade him a gun for twelve beaver skins.

They camp in the winter woods at night.

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Encouraged by the expedition's success the King signs the Charter of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Our Abused Aborigines

by J. A. Burgesse

". . . the only good Indian . . ."

CANADA'S least known and most misjudged race is its oldest. Our information on the life and character of the Canadian Indian is very complete and is also very easy to reach, if we care to look for it. We have the records of the early explorers and missionaries, and these writings are very full and detailed. If we read them, we would find it necessary to change some of the ideas and opinions which soaked into us during the period of our school days and immediately after and which have since been strengthened by the novelists, motion-picture producers and writers of text-books.

In our childhood, we were thrilled when we thought of the Indians and pictured them as tall, noble warriors decked out in eagle feathers and loads of beads and wampum. Their sole occupation seemed to have been tribal wars, with a little peace-pipe smoking in between times. In the background there was a hint of the evil medicine-man, whose magic spells and poisonous brews were a little inconvenient at times, but, on the whole, the Indian seemed to be the noble savage whose life was ever happy and frightfully romantic.

Later reading, however, changed our views, and the pendulum of our opinion swung to the other extreme. The most damning thing about the Indian, we were told, was something which no healthy, honourable white youth could forgive. The Indian actually used to sit in idleness, smoking his calumet or drinking his nasty fire water while his squaw had to haul wood and water and look after the transportation of camp from place to place. He was a lazy hound, this red man, and the frontiersman was quite right in his opinion that the only good Indian was a dead one. So our modern conception of the Indian was built up, and things have come to such a pretty pass that we refuse to believe in an Indian unless he fits into the traditional role.

This is well illustrated by an incident which took place in the interior of the Quebec woodlands some years ago. A moving picture company visited the district in order to make some "shots" for the film version of a famous French-Canadian classic. Several scenes required Indians and, since there happened to be a trading post in the vicinity, arrangements were made to have some of the Indians enact the required roles. Despite the fact that the ancestors of this particular band had never seen a feather bonnet, the braves were decked out in plumes and made to perform something which was supposed to be a war dance. Unfortunately the only feathers that could be procured were those from partridges, and the dance was a French-Canadian folk dance. In another picture, supposed to have been laid in the same locality, pseudo totem poles appeared, though the home of the totem pole is the Pacific Coast, three thousand miles to the west.

Actually, the Indian is quite a different person from the popular conception of him. His original standard of culture was the most primitive in the world, comparable only to that of the Australian bushman, and almost the whole of his time was occupied in finding sufficient food to keep body and soul together. With the exception of the members of a few tribes which had learned the art of cultivation, the Canadian Indian had to depend on hunting for his livelihood and, when we consider that his tools were very crude, it can be seen that his was a very precarious existence. A few of the plains Indians had horses, which enabled them to pursue the bison, but the vast majority, especially the inhabitants of our Canada, had no other means of transport than their own two legs, aided by toboggans in winter and canoes in summer. They did not have dogs big enough for draft work until after the advent of the whites, though they occasionally used them for packing.

We are prone to imagine that the Indian lived on the flesh of the moose and the caribou, but this is far from the truth. Before his contact with Europeans his weapons were of wood and bone. Even stone was not at all common as a material for weapons because it was so very difficult to work. The bow was a good enough weapon for bringing down rabbits and the smaller animals and birds but it was almost useless for moose and caribou. The bigger game had to be approached by stealth and, when the opportunity presented itself, wounded with a short spear of bone or flint. Several hunters were required to kill a moose and, after it had been wounded, it had to be pursued through the dense bush until it fell from sheer weakness and loss of blood. There was no method of transporting the carcass to camp, so camp was moved to the carcass. The killing of a moose or a caribou was a great event and it is little wonder that the whole band stayed right with the meat until all was consumed. Moose meat was a rare treat for a starving band and it probably tasted much better when each member of the band knew that the feast would probably be followed by days and probably weeks of semi-starvation. The staple article of food for the Canadian Indian was

"The staple article of food . . ."

decidedly not moose or caribou. Most often it was fish, rabbit, squirrel and other small fry, with the possible addition of a few berries in the summer and fall. Winter was a period of stark starvation, for the deep snow made hunting even more difficult. In those days the snowshoes were not what they became after steel tools were obtained. They were very makeshift affairs fashioned from rough branches and laced with twisted bark and, occasionally, babiche.

The male members of the band were the hunters, and it was their duty to provide meat. It was no mean task, and who can blame them if, once the meat was obtained, they took their ease whenever possible? All other duties—transportation, wood and water, etc.—fell to the lot of the squaws, and this was a natural and necessary part of Indian economics, through the white man is shocked when he first encounters it. With the Indians, each sex has its peculiar tasks, and a man would no more think of doing a woman's work than a white man would become a nursery maid. Hunting, though it was the chief duty, was not the only task of the male Indian, but the most of the others were such as would escape the notice of the casual observer. For instance, in the making of snowshoes the women did the lacing as a rule but the frames were bent and prepared by the men, whose task it was also to lace the "master strands," which bear the greatest strain. The various other tasks are similarly divided, and it is quite unjust to assume that the Indian is lazy. His economics are different, that is all.

It will be a surprise to some to learn that the feather bonnet and its accessories did not comprise the ordinary costume of the Indian any more than the Crown of Edward the Confessor does that of George VI. The feather bonnet was a ceremonial dress and, even in tribes which used it, was worn by comparatively few Indians. It was peculiar to a few tribes of the plains and was a ceremonial war decoration. Each feather had to be earned by its wearer by some remarkable deed of skill or valour.

We have the authority of the early explorers for the fact that the summer dress of the Indians was practically nothing and, as a rule, consisted of little more than breech-clout and a pair of rough moccasins. In winter they were clad in the skins of animals, but these skins were not sewn together in the manner of a suit. There were no steel needles and the bone bodkins would not permit of any actual sewing. What skins they could obtain, the Indians wrapped around their legs and body and attached as best they could. The main part of the costume was a blanket made from strips of rabbit and other skins plaited together, and this was wrapped around the body as a sort of cloak. This picture of the Indian is a far cry from that of the red man of fiction and our youthful imagination.

". . . so camp was moved to the carcass."

Nor was the Indian the deceitful, bloodthirsty individual that one branch of our reading would have us believe. His sole occupation was that of providing meat for himself and his family and he had little leisure in which to plot war and revenge. When he was not out hunting, he was crouched in his miserable bark hut, blinded by smoke from the smouldering fire in its centre and frozen by the biting wind which came in through the gaping holes in the wall. He was a very peaceful creature whose one wish was to be allowed to gain his livelihood in his own way, but he had a sense of property and, like the animals with which he lived, he would fight to preserve his miserable life. Here lies the cause of his seeming bloodlust.

Fortunately, the Canadian Indian did not have to put up with the same treatment from the white men as did his brother in the United States and the consequence was that there was little bloodshed in Canada. This is due partly to the conditions of the country, partly to the type of white men with whom the Indian first came into contact, and partly to the fact that the fur trade could not be carried on without him.

"His economics are different . . ."

It is not necessary to go into historical details. It will be sufficient to state that the Indians who lived on the plains of what is now the U.S.A. met bison hunters and white men who were seeking farm lands. The Indians were an obstacle to both types and ruthless methods were used to oust them. The Indians saw only the strangers coming into their territories, strangers who were taking away their land, their livelihood. Can one blame them for answering high-handed action by similar action which resulted in bloodshed?

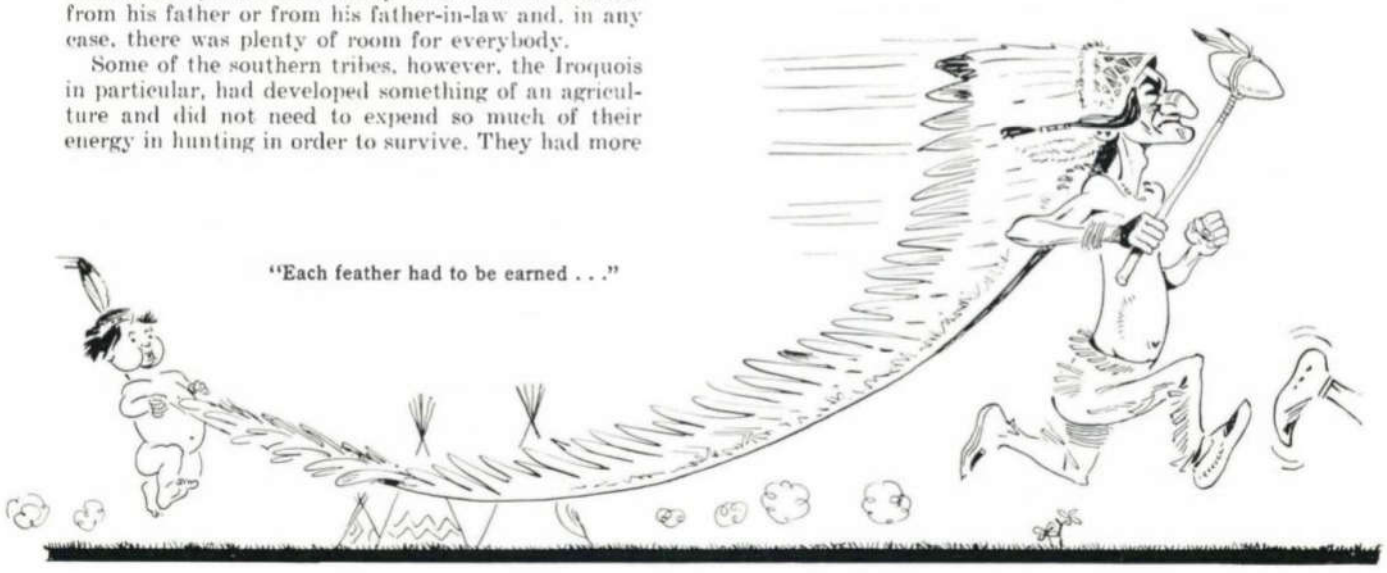
On the other hand the bulk of the Canadian Indians lived in the woods and the first white men they met were fur traders and missionaries. There was no question of ousting them from their lands and there was no bloodshed. The Indian came to know the white man and benefited from his contacts with him. His standard of living was never so high as during the period of the fur trade monopolies nor has it been the same since.

There is no doubt at all that the fault for the bloodshed on the part of the Indians lies with the white man rather than anywhere else, for the Indian was merely defending his home and livelihood from an intruder.

The same holds good for the inter-tribal wars. In most Indian tribes there was no real government as we know it or as it came to develop in some other uncivilized peoples. Public opinion was the only law governing relations between the bands and each head of a family was a law unto himself. He went about his daily business with no thought for his neighbour. He had his own part of the country which he had inherited from his father or from his father-in-law and, in any case, there was plenty of room for everybody.

Some of the southern tribes, however, the Iroquois in particular, had developed something of an agriculture and did not need to expend so much of their energy in hunting in order to survive. They had more leisure than the other bands and were sometimes a little bored and time hung long on their hands. Occasionally they would expend some of this time by going off on exploratory trips, meeting stranger tribes. The strangers resented the intrusion and, fearing a threat to their existence, usually took steps to drive off the invaders, but the bloodshed cannot be taken as a proof that these tribes were bloodthirsty. Without a doubt the Iroquois and their kindred bands were cruel and warlike but it must be remembered that their culture was more advanced than that of their neighbours. Cruelty and bloodshed, therefore, was usually the result of fear and misunderstanding on the part of most of the Indians and was not a natural bent.

It will be seen from the foregoing that the Canadian Indian was neither the noble savage of our childhood nor the deceitful, cruel creature of the Penny Dreadful. Rather he was a poor ignorant creature, struggling to make his way in a hard and bitter world. The wonder is that he managed to survive at all when one considers the conditions with which he had to contend. There can be no questioning his intelligence and adaptability, for the white man has not found anything to replace his canoe, his snowshoes, or his toboggan, each of which has played its part in building up our Canada. That he had an artistic temperament, which could develop under favourable conditions, is proven by the examples of his handicrafts which are to be found in any museum. When he obtained the white man's tools he adapted them to his own conditions and did it very well indeed, but it would be too much to ask him to adapt his culture to that of the white man. We must remember that the Indian was to all purposes in the stone age when America was discovered and he was thrust suddenly into the modern world. The change has not been altogether to his advantage.



"Each feather had to be earned . . ."

TRADE GOODS–1941

Modern merchandise and streamlined methods of distribution to the posts feature the age-old business of the new Fur Trade Depot

by Wilson Malcolmson

WHEN visitors are shown through Hudson's Bay House in Winnipeg, the department that they generally find the most interesting is the Fur Trade depot. For the goods they see on the shelves are those which are traded to the Indians and Eskimos for their furs and sold to other residents in and around the fur trade posts.

One learns a lot in a trip through the depot about the needs and fancies of our aborigines and of the white people on our northern frontiers. Some of them are very modern; some as old as history. Seed beads—that old standby in Indian trade for centuries—are still in demand. So are the curved canoe knives, the same articles as are included in a list of 1748 trade goods as *mocotaugans*. But by way of contrast there is such merchandise as silk stockings, alarm clocks and mechanical toys—goods which might be found in any city retail store. Sometimes modernity is combined with antiquity, as in the case of Eskimo snow knives which are stocked by the depot. Stone Age Eskimos made them of copper, bone and ivory to build their igloos; but those supplied by the Company are made in Sheffield, England, and stamped with the old English nameplate of the Company—complete with incorporation line as it appears on the cover of this magazine.

When you see the forthcoming Twentieth Century-Fox picture, "Hudson's Bay Company," or the current Paramount film, "North West Mounted Police," you will see the Assomption sashes supplied by the Winnipeg Depot for several of the actors. These sashes are made on a special loom in England, by a Leicester firm that has been making them for at least sixty years, and it is impossible to get them elsewhere. The original articles were finger-woven *ceintures flechees*, made chiefly at L'Assomption, P.Q., and worn by the men of the old North-West and Hudson's Bay Companies. But when these became too expensive, or too hard to get, the present loom-fashioned articles were substituted.

Checking off incoming merchandise. "Britain delivers the goods" in the form of Hudson's Bay "Point" Blankets.

Filling an order in the dry goods department. Note the section and Stock Plan numbers.

The demand for these historic trade goods, however, is decreasing as the years go by. Many of the posts are situated along railway lines, in mining areas, and other communities in daily touch with civilization; and even the Indians and other far northern dwellers have gone modern. They and their families are continually in touch, through the radio, the magazines, and so on, with the life of the cities; and to supply their resultant demands, the Fur Trade depots have to keep on their toes, all the time bringing in new lines of merchandise and discarding out-moded ones.

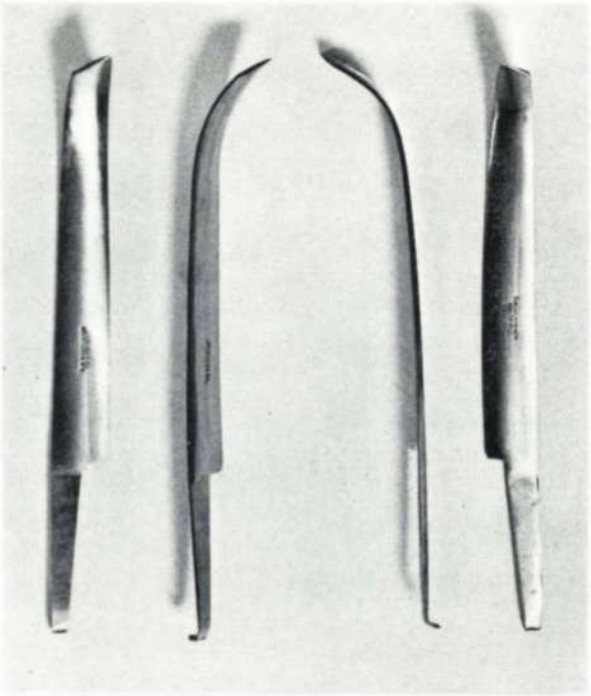
Merchandising methods have been streamlined too. Merchandise requirements coming in from two hundred and twelve scattered posts bring orders of a start-

ling variety. Aklavik, near the Arctic Ocean, wants a case of cosmetics. Cumberland House, on the Saskatchewan, sends in a call—as familiar to Samuel Hearne as to the present post manager—for ice chisels. Arctic Bay, only twelve hundred miles from the pole, requisitions one dozen Donald Duck toys. And Rupert's House, two hundred and seventy-two years old, startles the shade of Groseilliers by ordering something snappy in girdles.

What is more, great care must be taken in filling these heterogeneous orders, for communication with many of the posts is hard and infrequent. Picture the plight of Chief Pointblanket, who has ordered a suit of size 42 woollies to last him through the winter. If, through some slip of the tongue or pencil, a suit size 32 arrives instead, the chief will have a few words to say in well chosen Cree about the Company of Adventurers, and think twice about the wisdom of trading with them. Or supposing the post at Pangnirtung requisitions three dozen shirts and receives by the annual ship three dozen shorts . . . it will be a long, cold winter at Pangnirtung.

To obviate such errors as these, the depot has assigned numbers to each item of merchandise carried in stock, whether it be dry goods, hardware, stationery or footwear. A complete list of these numbers, the "stock plan," is sent to all posts, and the post managers show these numbers on their orders. Constant additions and deletions keep the plan up to date. The depots of the Hudson's Bay Company have been filling fur traders' requisitions since Radisson and Groseilliers ordered an outfit of trade goods for the *Eaglet* and *Nonsuch*. But in all those two and three-quarter centuries, the process has never been handled so surely and swiftly as it is to-day.

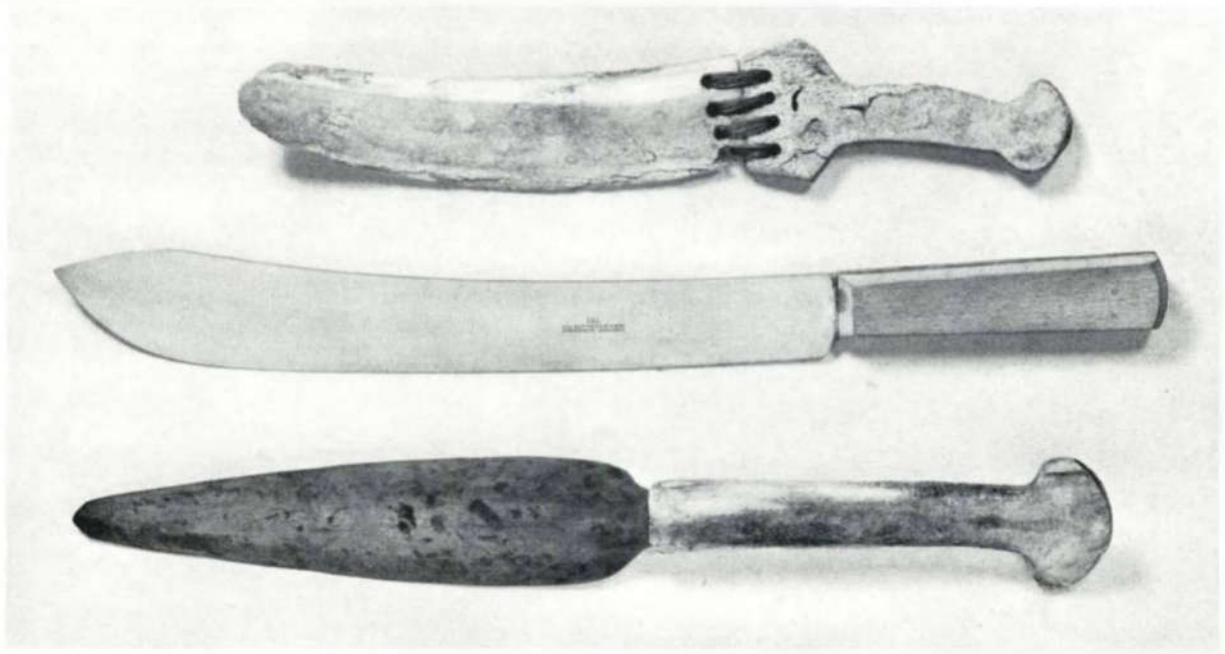
The merchandise in the depot is arranged by departments in exactly the same order as it appears in the plan. New type shelf fixtures of convenient height greatly simplify the handling of the merchandise, and the operation of filling the post requisitions has been put "on wheels" as much as possible.



Curved canoe knives or mocotaugans, the Indian's chief woodworking tool, for left and right hands. The Indians themselves make the handles.

Let us trace the filling of an order from the time it leaves one of the northern posts to the time the goods arrive there. Far up on the shores of the Arctic Ocean, a seaplane is warming up preparatory to its take-off. In the light of the midnight sun, a man emerges from the Hudson's Bay post and hands a letter to the waiting pilot. The letter contains a list of goods which the post manager considers he will need for the fall, when the Eskimos depart on their winter's hunt. In a short time, travelling mostly by air, the requisition reaches the Fur Trade depot at Winnipeg.

A modern snow knife, between prehistoric ones of bone-and-antler and copper-and-antler from the H B C museum. Most of those supplied by the depot have the traditional form of handle.



With the aid of an hydraulic truck, a packer tows a bin full of goods for a certain post to the packing table. Note the addressed boxes for Gogama with outfit number.

A visitor, looking over the list, would be surprised at such items in it as men's dress pants, linoleum, dog bells, lingerie, tomato juice glasses, cretonne, and accordions. But the depot is used to anything by now and takes them all in its stride.

Order-fillers work up and down the aisles following the numbers of the items, selecting goods as required and placing them in trucks. These trucks are emptied into large bins arranged in rows at the packing area. Each bin is marked for an individual post, and all the goods for that post are assembled in it.

Next step is the packer's. Using a hydraulic lift truck, he pulls the bin out of line and rolls it up to the packing table, where the goods are given a final check with the order before they are sorted and packed.

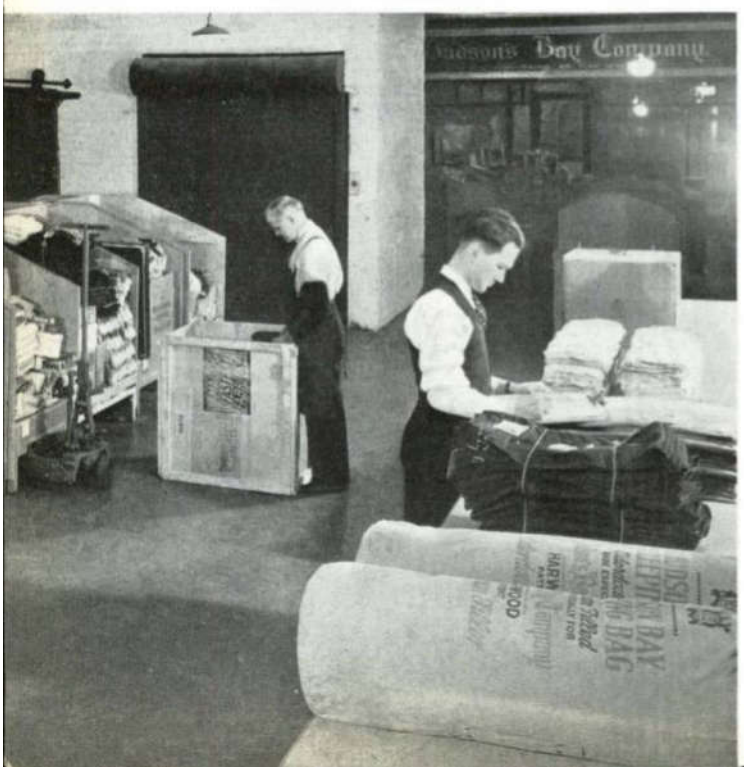
Packing is one of the most interesting operations in the depot. Most shipments are made by rail and water transport, and these are put up in cartons and cases. Others must be very securely packed for handling on canoe portages or dog sleds, and here use is made of strapped cases, cartons, and bales. Air transport is playing an increasing part in northern shipments, and for this, special light packing is used. Many years of preparing goods for rough handling have made H B C packers masters of their art. Each package is marked with the familiar HB joined together, the number of the post, the letter of the district, and the outfit number. That number, 271, speaks volumes; for it conjures up visions of two hundred and seventy-one years of fur trade outfits put up by the Adventurers of England.

A large freight elevator connects the packing area with the shipping room on the ground floor. Here the packages are assembled on the shipping floor according to the transportation routes serving different northern areas. In some cases whole carloads are despatched on the spur track that runs up to the shipping door, and in due course of time, each shipment is delivered to one of the fur-trade posts.

It is only recently that this streamlined method of filling the Fur Trade orders has been devised. But already its beneficial effects are being felt at the posts as well as at the depots. The buying end has been modernized, too. The Fur Trade shares the benefits of the Company's vast buying power, being in close touch with the markets of the world through the various buying offices.

Due to the speeding up of communication with the North, the types of merchandise demanded nowadays are changing rapidly, and the depot must continually experiment with new lines that may be saleable at the posts. More and more emphasis is being placed on this important angle of post merchandising, and a special sample room has been installed in the depot to centralize the work involved in this work of promotion. Here too the depot has set up a complete display of all the lines of merchandise carried on its "stock plan." Post managers visiting the depot can thus see at a glance the whole range of depot merchandise and can discuss their problems with men familiar with its entire organization. As the north country becomes more and more up to date in its demands, this department of the depot sees to it that the necessary goods and services are readily available for all comers.

The packer (in this case the grandson of Chief Factor Cotter, see pp. 22-3) sorts and checks his goods on the table. Beyond is the Training School's model store.



Left: A few of the swinging screens hung with regular lines in the sample room. Above: Some of the new lines that may be added to the stock plan.

A visiting post manager makes notes on the modern trade goods displayed in the sample room.

NANOOK the HUNTER

The Three Bears—Episode 2. John Cormack

Some revealing notes on the polar bears of Southampton and Baffin Islands, by one of our post managers

E. B. Maurice

THE normal hunting ground of the polar bear is the floe edge or the pack ice. The greater part of his hunting time is spent in the vicinity of open water or moving ice. However, travelling bears will often stop and hunt at seal holes in the ice, and when seals are numerous they will stay in the same locality for a short period. When hunting seals in this manner they usually scratch the snow from the ice and often break in the hole. Some people believe that polar bears can swim under the ice and rise at seal holes to kill the occupant, but as the bears are not able to swim submerged for any but short distances, this seems extremely unlikely. In the summer they hunt among pack ice where the seals and square-flippers bask in the sun.

I have seen, from a distance, a bear stalking a square-flipper in the late spring; the bear walked very slowly, one paw at a time, frequently halting and remaining quite motionless until he was almost up to the square-flipper, who apparently did not realize his danger until his adversary was only a few paces away. He then rolled into the water. Immediately the bear took a sort of running dive after him and in a few seconds hauled the dead animal up onto the ice. The bear then apparently became aware of our presence, for he left the square-flipper and departed over the ice at high speed. Investigation proved that the square-flipper had received a fierce bite in the neck which must have killed him, for he bore no other signs of battle.

The bear's teeth in fact are his chief weapon against seals. He seldom breaks their skulls and the tremendous development of his jaw muscles indicates that he makes frequent use of his teeth as a weapon. Although the square-flipper is no match for the polar bear, the latter is sometimes found carrying the marks of battle with his prey.

In the Southampton Island area, bears very seldom abandon seals that they have killed. When this does happen, it is usually because something has disturbed the bear—perhaps an approaching dog team or the sound of rifle fire.

The walrus is a very formidable enemy, and just how a polar bear manages to kill him is doubtful. Not long ago we found a small adult walrus dead and partly eaten by a bear. Near the carcass were some shattered bits of ice, which suggested that he had been clubbed with a piece of ice. But the skull was not fractured and it was impossible to ascertain how he had died. To those who are prone to reject the theory of a bear using a piece of ice in this way, the following anecdote from Alan Scott, post manager at Arctic Bay, will prove interesting:

"An old Eskimo here, named Tonga, who is quite reliable claims that many years ago he and a number of natives were out on the ice hunting near Igloolik when they saw four walrus sleeping on the ice and a bear approaching the sleepers. They watched the bear approach till it was very close, when it picked up a large piece of ice and crashed it down on the head of one of the walrus, killing it immediately. The other three walrus slipped into the water. The natives then went over, the bear leaving at their approach, and took the walrus, after cutting it up, to their camp."

Probably most bears wait until the walrus comes out on dry land, for then he is an easier prey. Certainly

it is noticeable that, at the usual places where walrus leave the water, they do not emerge while bears are around. On the whole, it seems likely that bears will not attack large groups of walrus, but that they confine their attentions to small, solitary animals. Occasionally the tables are turned and the bear is killed by the walrus.

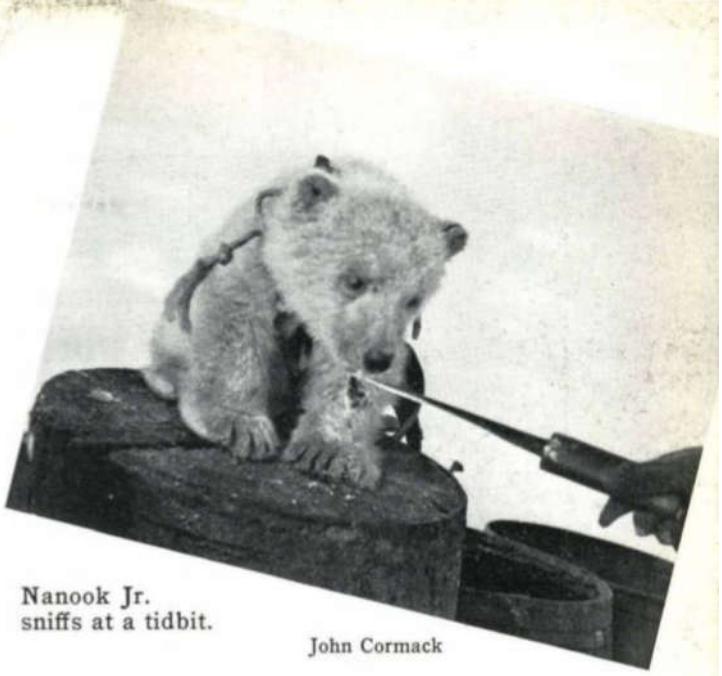
Another dangerous enemy of the bear is the killer whale. One bear carcass found at Southampton Island on the ice had obviously been done to death by another bear, but this was a rare occasion.

Polar bears will eat the blubber from their catches both summer and winter. Blubber, in fact, seems to be of more importance to them than meat, although they do eat considerable quantities of the latter. Carcasses are frequently found on the island both winter and summer with all the fat eaten but with varying amounts of meat left. After once leaving his feeding place, whether the food be a carcass or a dog-food cache, a polar bear seldom returns. This is probably due to the fact that he is a wanderer and does not stay long in any one place. He is not entirely carnivorous, for sometimes bears are killed here who appear to have fed for some time on grass and moss, and it seems that a few bears spend some time on the land. When killed, the flesh of these bears closely resembles that of caribou. It is a curious fact that foxes and bears will feed at the same cache or carcass together, neither taking any notice of the other.

During hibernation polar bears apparently eat nothing except perhaps a little grass or moss from within their dens, and yet when first emerging in the spring they do not show any particular signs of hunger. I have known bears, obviously coming from hibernation, to pass a whole seal carcass and do nothing more than smell it. From this it seems likely that they do not begin to feel the pangs of hunger until they have done some travelling.

All polar bears hibernate during the winter, with the possible exception of a few wanderers. Southampton Island is a favourite spot for hibernation, and consequently the polar bear's habits in this regard are well and accurately known. The females go into the den with the first suitable snow; the males follow at varying later periods, each going into a separate den. The large old males usually spend from November to January or February inside, and during this time they do not emerge. In the case of bears that remain in hibernation for a longer period, sometimes the side of their den is knocked out for a week or so before they themselves emerge. Presumably this is so that they may enjoy the sun. The old males just appear to dig themselves into a snow bank and let the first drift cover them; they emerge at the first signs of danger. On a dog-team trip some time ago we saw this happen. The bear came literally hurtling out of what had seemed to be a snow bank and made off at high speed. As the komatik was heavily loaded, the dogs were unable to follow for any distance.

The cubs, which are born in October, hibernate with their mother for the first two or three winters. When born they are very small indeed and the mother never goes out for food, nor does the male bear bring food, or help with the building of the snow den. The cubs,

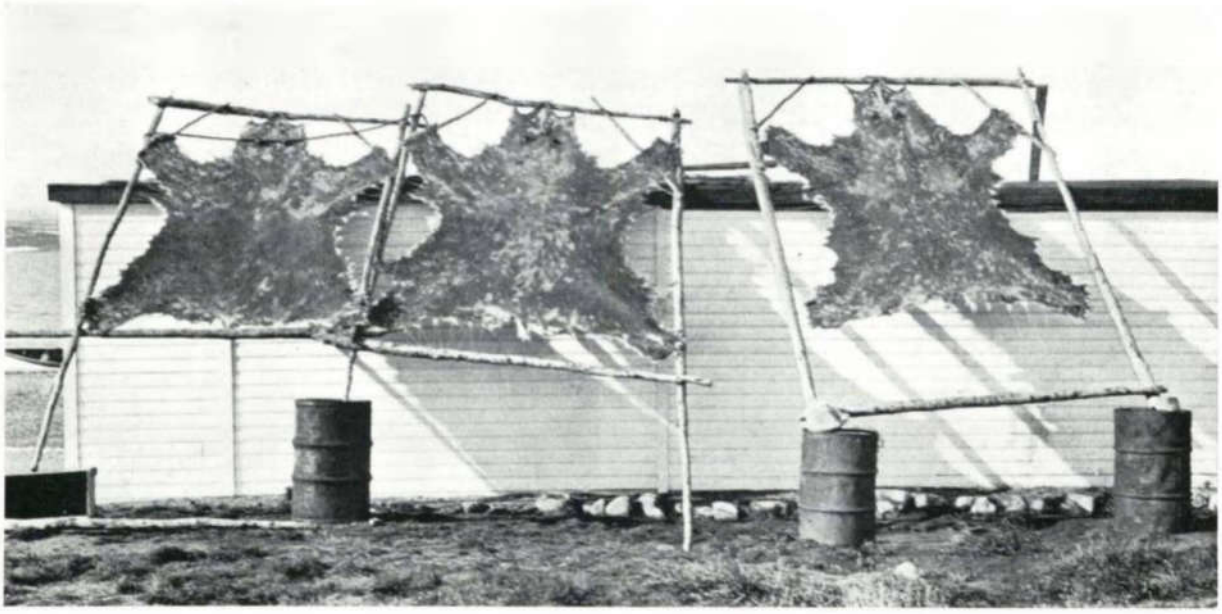


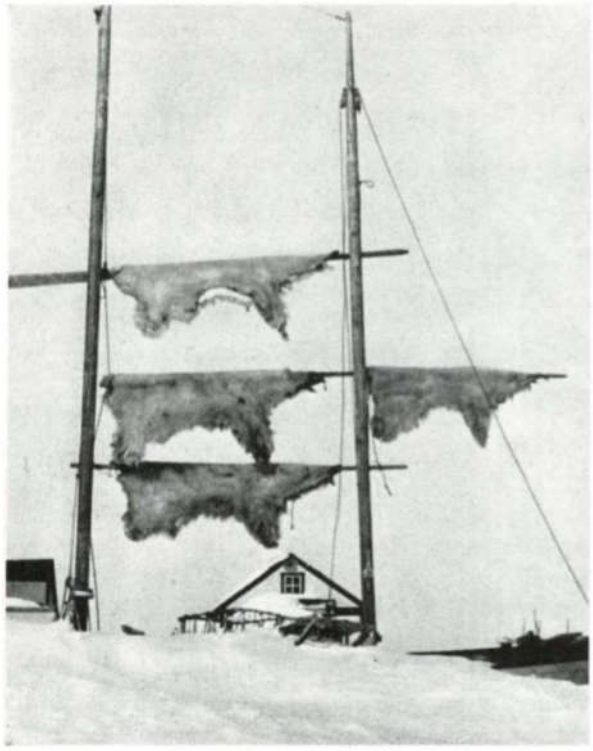
Nanook Jr. sniffs at a tidbit.

John Cormack

The Three Bears—Episode 3.

John Cormack





Polar bear skins bleaching on the masts of an ice-bound schooner, Baillie Island, Western Arctic.
Photo R.H.G.B.

varying from one to three in number, are taught to hunt by their mother. They have short and very white fur. As they grow older it becomes longer and yellowish, but when they reach the adult stage it generally becomes shorter and whiter than in the intermediate stage.

In this area there is not the slightest evidence to support the theory that old males try to devour the bear cubs. In fact the only time a bear will indulge in cannibalism is when he is starving. When a line of traps is set with varying baits, it is noticeable that bears will eat all types of meat except bear meat; also a bear will rob walrus or seal meat caches but will leave bear meat caches untouched.

The polar bear is generally looked upon as an animal very dangerous to man. Certainly he has no fear of men but, except when he is very hungry, he avoids contact with them. When left alone he seems to be a singularly inoffensive animal. Bears come to Southampton Island by the hundreds, drifting down on the ice from Foxe Channel. Yet natives who have been here twenty years and more cannot remember a single instance where the animals have followed Eskimos with the apparent intention of killing and eating them. They have been known to go to camps and start to eat meat or fat caches without paying the slightest attention to dogs or natives.

An angry bear, however, is a different matter. When a bear is being followed by a hunter or a team of dogs, he will try to get away, and only when it becomes obvious that he is cornered does he turn and confront his adversaries. He will then sit up on his hind legs and prepare for battle. If he catches a dog he will grasp it and after violently shaking it will throw it aside, his intention being rather to punish than kill. If he is wounded, but not mortally, and the attacking Eskimo is unable to reload and fire, the bear gives chase with his head hanging to one side and his teeth gnashing. I have heard of this happening in several cases. In one case a native had the back of his

Playmates . . . (?)

deerskin parka torn out but kept going, the bear eventually tiring and loping away. In another the native fell over and the bear bit him once and then went off, the native's heavy clothing saving him from serious injury.

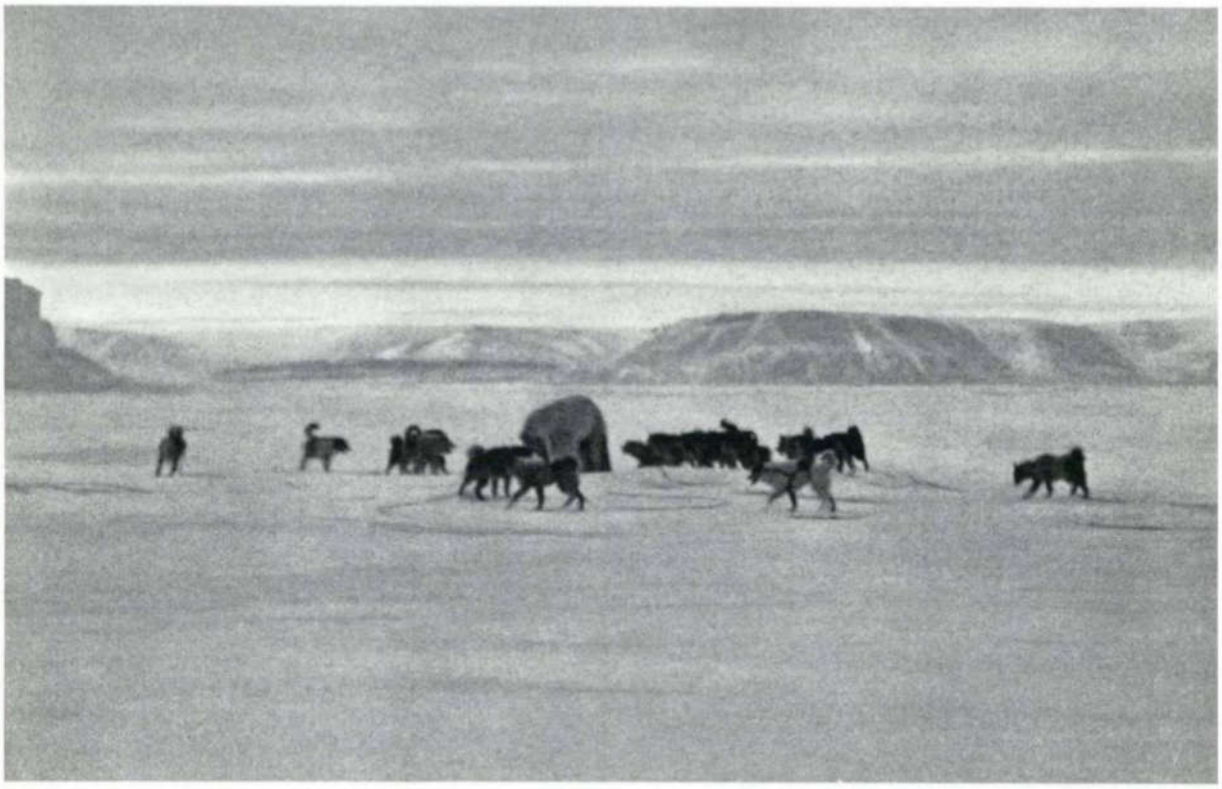
Here again Alan Scott has a story to tell. A bear was sighted, he says, near an Eskimo camp on Strathcona Sound. The dogs rushed over and surrounded it in the usual way, snapping at it and jumping back. One of the young boys in the party took up his rifle to shoot it, when his father shouted to him to wait until he got there. The old man, having shot plenty of bears before, took his time about it. He approached quite close to the bear, laid his rifle on the ice, took off his mitts, and was stooping to pick up the gun when the bear suddenly dashed through the cordon of dogs and grabbed him by the seat of the pants. After emitting a few frantic yells, the old man turned round and shot the animal dead. For weeks afterwards, he was very proud of his wound, and was willing to show it to anyone for the asking.

Another polar bear story, two hundred years old, comes from Joseph Robson, who was a mason employed in the building of Fort Prince of Wales in the first half of the eighteenth century.

"While I was at Churchill-river," he says "I went out one afternoon with my gun towards Eskimaux-point, and among some large stones that lie thereabouts, discovered an enormous bear. Not being above a quarter of a mile distant from the house, I was not much alarmed at the sight of this animal, but crept forwards with a design to shoot him. By this time he had winded me, and was making towards me I suppose in the expectation of meeting with a good prey: for presently after, when I raised myself behind a stone to look for him, he was reared on the other side to look for me. The surprise was mutual, depriving us both of the power of hurting each other: for he, turning suddenly upon his hind-feet, made off with great precipitation; and I, having lost my recollection, did not think of firing till he was far out of my reach. Indeed I never heard, that a bear will seize upon a man before he is attacked and wounded himself. I have been present at the killing of several white bears, and never saw an instance of their turning upon a man but once. We had hunted the creature many hours first on land and afterwards at sea: being almost spent with the loss of blood, and forced to quit the water, he made one bold effort to come ashore: but finding himself surrounded, so that he could make no way up the country, he ran with open mouth at one Richard Walton, in order to force a passage. The man had the presence of mind to fire his piece, and the bear being wounded by it took to the sea again: and tho' pursued for several hours more, made his escape under shelter of the night."

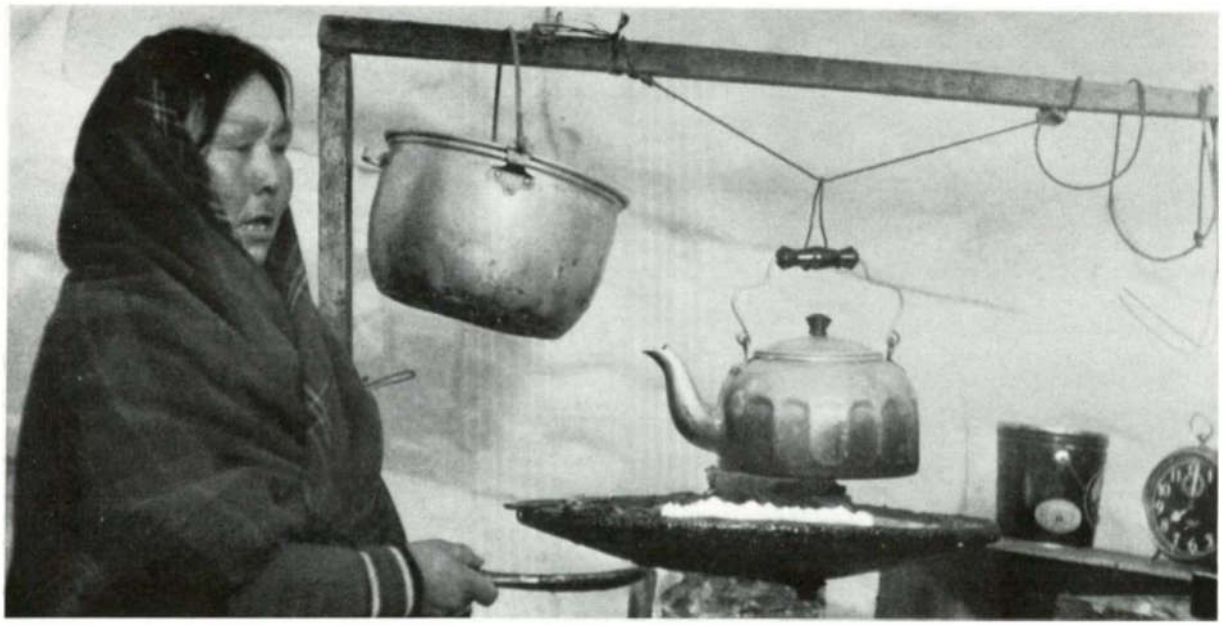
In only one reliable instance have I heard of a bear actually killing a man. This native, having no gun, wounded a bear with a harpoon but failed to kill him and the bear killed and ate the native. Later the same day another party of natives came up with the bear and killed it.

It seems that the bears do not kill except when they desire to eat; even when angry they do not seem to desire the death of the object of their anger so much as his punishment, though if angry and hungry at the same time they probably would kill either dog or man.



Polar bear brought to bay by sled dogs of the R.C.M.P., south of Ellesmere Island.

Photo L.-Cpl. R.W. Hamilton



An Eskimo woman, inside her snowhouse, boils her new aluminium kettle over a primitive stone lamp. The luminous dial on the alarm clock is specially useful during the long Arctic night. (Photo N. Roberts.)

THE NORTH CHANGES

by Rev. D. B. Marsh

Photos by the Author

MY first glimpse of Eskimo Point was from the deck of the M.S. *Fort York* one bright August morning in the year 1926. From the deck of the schooner, I could easily make out groups of Eskimos standing around their caribou skin tents which clustered around the buildings of the Hudson's Bay post.

I suppose, like most people, I had expected to see the Eskimos clad in skins, and it was quite a shock to see the men walking around in shirts and trousers, the tails of the former flapping in the breeze as they walked, for it was evidently the fashion for the braces to be worn under the shirt, thus using the latter as a coat.

The women wore print dresses modelled on the lines of those worn by grandmother—or was it great grandmother? Over their heads and shoulders were drawn shawls of various hues, while their matted hair flew in all directions. To keep this tangle from their eyes, or perhaps purely as an aid to feminine beauty, the women and young girls all wore a headband made of brass, from which hung in most cases long strings of beads. (The brass, I learnt later, was obtained from telescopes or old primus lamps.) One or two wore hair-sticks. These appendages hung from each side of the forehead, the hair being drawn down the side of the stick of wood, by no means light in itself, and was kept in place by a band of beaded cloth, which was wound on in the same way that a soldier puts on puttees. One or two were wearing caribou skin attigis (inside coats), but these were mainly those who had small children or babies in the pouch at the back.

Both men and women were smoking pipes, and often I noticed a mother pass her pipe over her shoulder to the youngster on her back, who with evident enjoyment took several puffs before returning it.

The chief engineer ran the mission boat and had no lack of helpers, though perhaps it would be more truthful to say passengers. It was the first power boat that many of them had seen and they were most interested in the engine, and of course not at all averse to having a ride without working.

As each whaleboat was towed ashore loaded to the gunwales, the few Eskimos on board passed the boxes and lumber to others standing in the water, who in turn deposited them on the shore. This was the limit as far as the men were concerned, it now being the turn of the women and children, who seized the cases and lumber and carried them to the store or above high tide mark as the case might be. The men who had carried them ashore from the boats just sat and watched the others. I was amazed to see women carrying two bags of coal up the beach and then running down for two more—a new idea of the division of labour.

Within a few days after the departure of the schooner, the Eskimos were preparing to leave for their winter camping grounds. Having first obtained their debt in the store, the tents were taken down and all their goods and chattels packed into a canoe or whaleboat. I marvelled more than once how they were able to pack everything into their boats. Sleeping bags, sleeping skins, tent, two dozen or so tent poles, numerous bales and boxes, rifles and other impedimenta were first stowed away (sometimes two or three families would pack all their belongings into one boat), then the dogs were picked up by the scruff of the neck and hauled aboard. By this time the boat appeared to be loaded to its full capacity, but somehow or other the women and children scrambled aboard and sat perched among the dogs or high on a bundle of old clothes or deerskins.

At last the men took their places and poled out into deep water. Every time the boom swung from side to side, the women and children had to scramble hastily into the bow or stern to avoid being flung into the water. Then with sails taut in the breeze, and with a freeboard of but three or four inches, whaleboats and canoes soon became specks on the horizon.

Thus, two weeks after the schooner had left, the population had been reduced to a mere handful. The two or three tents of the post servants and that of the native who was helping me build the mission house were all that were left of the thirty or forty tents which fringed the shore when I first landed.

In early May the hunters started to arrive back at the post, sometimes as many as nine or ten sleds coming in a line one behind the other. Each sled was piled high with bundles of skins and household goods, and if the driver had only a few dogs he and his wife pushed on a stout pole which had been lashed across the load. In front of lone sleds or the first sled of a caravan ran a young girl or boy, who every so often turned and waved his or her mitt to encourage the dogs to pull harder and at the same time making a trail for them to follow.

Well do I remember the peculiar sight of seeing a sled with a canoe lashed to it coming in from the North under full sail, the dogs having a hard time to keep in front. The canoe was of course filled with the usual belongings of an Eskimo family, the members themselves being perched on top. As the sled neared the shore, the runners hit a projecting chunk of ice; the sled stopped with startling rapidity, and the occupants tumbled in all directions. This caused much laughter from the onlookers and occupants alike.

Tents sprang up daily around the post, and my work commenced. Services and school were held daily in the house, for I had not had time in the fall to build the church before winter had arrived.

In a room twelve feet by twenty were packed forty-five Eskimos, men, women and children, all eager to learn the Eskimo A B C's. When they arrived the first day, the windows and doors were closed to preserve the heat, but in a moment or two I thought better of it and flung them open as wide as possible. Despite the fact that the temperature outside was but twenty above zero, it very soon reached sixty above in the house, though the added heat was by no means the main reason for my desiring extra ventilation. Both men and women had but one suit of clothes, which had been in constant use since the fall.

What a difference in clothing I noted when I met a man from Baker Lake. His clothes were neat, well tanned and sewn with very fine stitches. The Padlemuit (the Eskimos around Eskimo Point) wore clothes that seemed to have been blown together, some with stitches as far as a quarter of an inch apart, and cut on the style of coal sacks.

The women's coats were particularly noticeable, the long tails being almost square cut at the bottom and not quite touching the ground, while those of the Northern women were shorter and narrowed to a graceful curve. Padlemuit hoods were wide across the back, almost covering the whole of the shoulders.

As the sun grew higher in the heavens and the snow melted on the land, the men went out to the edge of the sea ice to seal. Each was equipped with harpoon, rifle and hunting bag, and wore as a protection against the glare a pair of wooden goggles. Usually each man returned with one or more seals, which the women skinned, the fat being placed in seal skins to be stored for winter use (frozen raw caribou meat dipped in seal oil being a great delicacy), while the skins, after being scraped free of fat, were pegged out on the land to dry, later to be made into boots.

With the break-up in the rivers, the men went off to Maguse River to fish, sometimes returning with whaleboats half full of Arctic char. When the ice cleared from the bay in front of the post the diet of the whole tribe consisted almost entirely of fish until the arrival of the *Fort York* in the summer of 1927.

During the spring and summer months it was quite a usual sight to see a man drilling holes with a bow drill or spending hours filing a piece of iron to make a harpoon head.

The women seemed to be eternally outside at the open air fire-place, feeding the fire with moss which they had gathered from the land.

At dusk or late afternoon, long lines of women were often seen in single file wending their way home with huge burdens of moss for their fires, quite often with a small baby tied securely on top.

Tea, tea, tea. All day long it was consumed in large quantities, for as soon as the kettle was empty it was filled with water and put on to boil. A quart measure was a prized possession, in that the owner was certain that he would be able to have a real drink before the kettle was emptied. During the winter, tea was bought by the case, and much preferred was the tea which was put up in lead-foil packets, not because the tea was any better in quality but because the lead foil, when placed in a frying pan, could be melted down and used for bullets. Matches were split in half, and it was an interesting sight to see a man splitting them with an ease born of long practice so that half the head was left on each portion and seldom, if ever, leaving the whole head on one side.

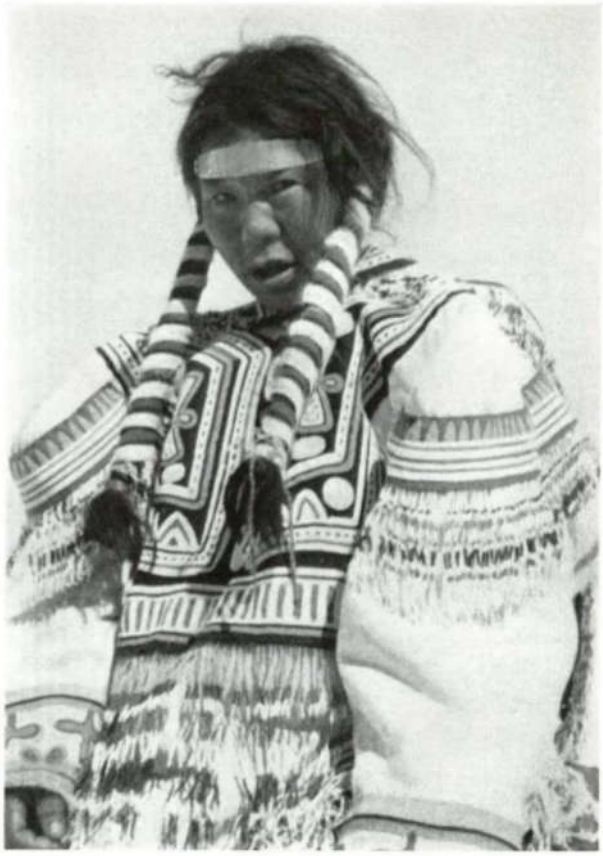
Once more, after taking their debt, all the Eskimos set off inland, there to hunt caribou so that they might have food, clothing, sleeping skins, boots, tents, bags, sinew, and many other articles which they make from the skins of the caribou. Their whole lives were (and are) bound up with this animal, for every other animal or mammal in the country was (and is) secondary to it.

Woman's work . . .

Fuel during the winter consisted of willow twigs, which were cut from the banks of rivers or in wet places on the land. About eighteen inches high, these dwarf shrubs were of course covered with snow in the winter, making it necessary for the women to use a spade made from the horn of a caribou to scrape away the hard crust before they could chop them off close to the roots with either a small axe or a woman's knife. Since a hard day's work in the middle of winter resulted in a small sled load of fuel sufficient to boil a kettle seven or eight times at the most, tea drinking was not indulged in to the same extent as it was in the summer.

As their main diet was caribou meat, either cooked or raw, apart from the willow twigs which were gathered on the land and the fat from the back of the caribou, which provided a very primitive form of candle, they had no means of heating whatsoever until the introduction of stoves. Even those who had these camp stoves in their igloos could not use them for providing heat, for the fierce heat given off when they were burning caused the roof to melt. Therefore fire-places were built in the porches of the igloos and the smoke from the fire wended its way up through a snow chimney. Tending such a fire was no fun, for the porch filled with swirling smoke, which made the unfortunate fire tender

A fine panelled caribou-skin koolitak.



This girl is decked out in brass headband, hairsticks, and beautifully beaded artikie.

cough as she crouched with red rimmed streaming eyes beside the fire. The fire itself was made on a hearth of large flat stones, and was flanked on three sides with stones, upon which rested the kettle. Often a huge Hudson's Bay kettle was to be seen on the fire, filled to the brim with chunks of meat or caribou heads.

When cooked (that is, when the outside appeared to be cooked, for the Padlemuit do not like meat cooked as long as white people do), the meat was skewered with a pointed stick of wood and placed on a large wooden dish or tray. These three-foot long dishes were about a foot wide, and were made from a tree trunk which had been hollowed out to a depth of about three inches. The steaming tray was then carried into the igloo where all the men or all the women in the camp were gathered and set on the sleeping bench. Apart from the family circle, men and women never ate together, but at such "feeds" everyone of one sex was invited to join. At the invitation of their host or hostess everyone set to. Each helped himself to any choice portion which suited his fancy, then, holding it with the teeth and the left hand, passed a knife upwards through the meat, drawing the severed portion into the mouth. When nothing remained but a pile of bones, the water in which the meat was cooked was brought in and a dipper made from a musk-ox horn passed from hand to hand, each person dipping it into the pot in turn and drinking his fill. Naturally this was followed by tea.

I have seen men after three such feeds literally stagger to the fourth, and it is said that a certain native from Eskimo Point made the rounds of all the cook-

houses and private dwellings at Churchill. At each he had a feed and had to slit up his coat before he reached the last house.

Smoking of course was almost universal, and to make the tobacco go further the leaves of the ground cranberry were gathered, dried over a fire in a frying pan, and cut up with a woman's knife. They were then either smoked just as they were or else mixed with tobacco. Many persons smoked stone pipes, which they preferred to those they traded in the store.

Since cartridges were dear, all cartridge cases were carefully saved and reloaded. Bullets were moulded from lead or, as I mentioned previously, from lead foil, while powder was used in far greater quantities than the makers ever intended the cases to take. Muzzle-loaders were used for goose hunting in the spring, and it was surprising that some of the antiquated weapons ever held together under the overcharging to which they were subjected.

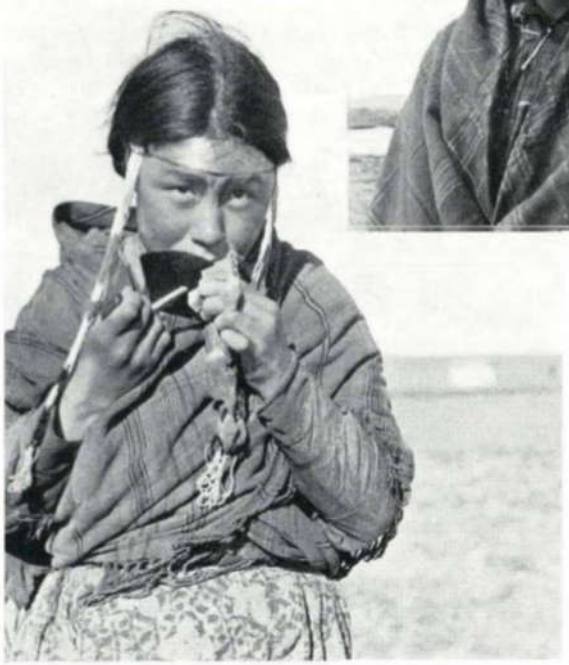
Flour was somewhat of a luxury, but when used baking powder was added in enormous quantities, for they seemed to have the idea that the more baking powder they used the larger the bannock would be. This resulted in a great shortage of that commodity every spring, no matter how large a stock had been ordered. With true Eskimo ingenuity this was overcome in great style. There was a run on Eno's fruit salts, and no one could imagine what it was being used for until enquiries elucidated the fact that it was being used in place of baking powder, and was said to be a very efficient though slightly more costly substitute.

Such was life at Eskimo Point fourteen years ago. But the fingers of civilization were already reaching out to touch the lives of those simple folk of the North. Within a few years the head of steel reached Churchill, and as this point is only one hundred and sixty miles or so distant it was bound to influence the natives in more ways than one. Changes were soon apparent, for several bought lumber and built houses, and even paid for them in one year. Having become householders, they required some method of heating their dwellings, and soon purchased Peterhead boats in which they could freight coal and gasoline from Churchill.

The influx of trappers and prospectors into the North opened up to them a new method of transportation. "Kickers" soon became the rage and every native bought one. To travel even three hundred yards to fish nets, outboards were used, and the summer nights were no longer still with twenty or thirty "kickers" running round and round in the bay; this naturally depended upon how long the supply of gasoline held out. As an Eskimo has that in his make-up which leads him to believe that he is an embryo engineer, kickers were often taken apart "to see what makes them go," and even after several years' experience they have not yet realized, to their cost, that engines need lubricating oil and grease.

During the last two years those who own houses have realized that they are not good for them, and have thus only lived in them during the spring and summer, when at least they have the windows open. During the winters in which they occupied them windows were kept tightly sealed and the floors were never washed. Only those who know the Eskimos can realize just what sweet smelling dwellings they were with often a pile of bones mouldering in one corner and a slab of rotten walrus meat thawing beside the stove across the room.

Right: Padlemuit tattooing.
Below: Wearing a beaded headband, she eats raw meat by cutting off a mouthful close to her lips with an ooloo.



In spite of the many new tools and appliances which they have at their disposal, the Padlemuit live to a great extent as they did fourteen years ago. Apart from the four families who own houses, all the rest still spend the winter off on the land, dependent upon their fall caribou hunt for enough food to last them through the winter and upon the skins of the caribou for clothing and material from which to make tents. It is undoubtedly due to this open-air life and the fact that they live in the main as did their forefathers before them that they are increasing in numbers. During this past winter, owing to the early migration of the caribou, many of them were hungry all winter and, as a result, were so undernourished that at the time of writing sixteen deaths are known to have occurred in the tribe from a form of intestinal influenza. All those who owned houses spent this past winter out on the land, due no doubt in part to the fact that eight persons from among their number died in one year, as compared with one boy among the rest of the 250-odd natives, and he as the result of an accident.

Though their sewing is still as poor as ever, the cut of their clothing is no longer as distinctive as formerly, for now several Ivelingmuit and Kerngnamuit families (from the tribes to the North) are living among them, and their more stylishly cut garments have influenced the work of the Padlemuit women.

Soap too plays some small part in their daily lives, (at times) and is no longer just something to be kept in their treasure box to perfume the contents. It is not only used for personal cleanliness but also for washing clothes.

One or two of the men even wear ties and collars on high days and holidays, and it is the exception to see a man wearing sealskin boots save in the spring when he is sealing on the ice. Rubber boots of all descriptions,

A woman squats in the moss circle, cooking her meal outside her caribou-skin tupik, while meat dries in the sun.

together with moccasin rubbers, worn over duffles, have in ordinary years ousted boots of their own make, and it is not uncommon to see a little child of eight or nine years shuffling along in father's size-ten knee-length rubber boots.

Print dresses of modern cut have replaced those with the flounces and frills, and are mostly made by the Eskimo women themselves on their Singer sewing machines. Buttons are conspicuous by their absence, but their place is ably taken by the ever-useful safety pin.

Tools and weapons of their own make have disappeared into the limbo of the past, while enamelled dishes and utensils have taken the place of the wooden dishes and dippers of musk-ox and caribou horn.

Brass headbands are not often seen and hair-sticks have been out of vogue for some years, while the carefully beaded coats have deteriorated greatly in workmanship, though of late years the men's garments have bead work round the hoods and bottoms more often than was the case thirteen years ago.

The average Eskimo nowadays can both read and write in Eskimo syllabics, and though most of the men understand English (they attend school to learn it), they will not speak it to any white man who can speak Eskimo, no matter how poorly. Of course there is one exception to this rule, and that is when a man wants something. If he cannot make himself understood in Eskimo, he will obligingly repeat his request in English. However, should he be asked the very next day for the same article, his lack of knowledge of the English language, and that word in particular, is amazing.

On one delightful occasion I heard a white man swearing about a native who was standing just behind him. In the middle of his heated tirade, a quiet determined voice said in perfect English, "Don't you swear at me." Needless to say, the injunction was heeded, mainly from astonishment.

A new era has come into being in the North, and one which has come, for good or ill, to stay. Old ways and customs are passing, passing so quickly that one scarcely realizes it. As an example of this, three years ago an old harpoon head was brought to me by an old man, who had found it on the land. As I was examining it, four young men entered and asked what it was. They could not recollect ever having seen one, for the only way to hunt seals, as far as they were concerned, was to shoot them with a rifle.

So used to the ways of the white men have the Padlemuit become, the arrival of an aeroplane is no event, and they have long ceased to wonder at the speed at which planes travel over distances which take them days to cover. One or two have even ridden in planes, and though they landed safely, (albeit exceedingly green in the face) they do not seem air-minded. This however may yet come to pass. Who knows?

An Eskimo family leaves Eskimo Point in the fall, complete with dogs, babies and outboard motor.

NEWS OF THE FUR TRADE

London Office News

8th October, 1940.

Since our last London Office news appeared in *The Beaver* of September last, London has been subjected to intensive and continuous air raids and considerable damage has been done to buildings in the city as well as in practically all the suburbs and outlying districts. Fortunately Hudson's Bay House and Beaver House have escaped so far, the former only having had two incendiary bombs dropped on it, which caused no damage. Beaver House also has only had a few panes of roof glass broken by falling fragments.

The frequent interruptions caused by the raids, when the staff have to seek cover in the shelters, has interfered considerably with work, especially as we have now a depleted staff, which, however, carries on efficiently and unperturbed.

The incessant nightly raids and indiscriminate bombing have also prevented the staff from obtaining much sleep and, in order to provide much needed rest and relaxation, the Governor and Mrs. Ashley Cooper have most kindly and generously extended an invitation to all members of the staff and their families to spend a week at Hexton Manor, which is being arranged by rota. This further practical demonstration of the interest of the Governor and Mrs. Ashley Cooper in the welfare of the staff is much appreciated.

Since publication of the list of members serving with the Forces in *The Beaver* of June, 1940, the following have joined up in the units referred to:

Name	Service	Rank
R. A. G. Nagle	A.M.P.C.	Private
J. Tilley	A.M.P.C.	Private
S. J. Bonney	R.A.	Private
D. C. M. Nash	R.A.F.	A.C.2
W. G. Ager	R.A.F.	A.C.2

We much regret to have to report that D. M. Lawry of the Fur Department, who was serving as an able seaman in the R.N.V.R., has been reported missing and officially presumed as killed on active service. This is the second casualty amongst the members of the London staff.

We congratulate A. F. Frayling of the Fur Department on his promotion from the ranks to second lieutenant in the R.A.S.C.

We were glad to welcome recently Lieut. J. C. Donald of the R.C.N.V.R., who was in charge of consignments; Gunner H. Cunningham from the Edmonton store, who is serving on this side with the 8th Army Field Regiment, R.C.A.; also J. T. Rayside, apprentice from Fort Resolution, who is serving on this side with the Canadian Signal Corps.

Recent visitors to our archives department included the following: Gunner Kennin Hamilton, R.C.A., who was formerly in the Company's service, as was his father and grandfather before him; H. N. McLeod from Wellington, New Zealand, who is a grandson of Chief Trader John McLeod, senior, and nephew of Malcolm McLeod, the editor of "Peace River: A Canoe Voyage, Hudson's Bay to Pacific by the Late Sir George Simpson in 1828. Journal of the late Chief Factor Archibald McDonald (Hon. Hudson's Bay Co.), who accompanied him."

We extend our good wishes to Miss Sprague of the head office staff, Miss Groves of the comptometer department, Miss Jenkins of the buying office, and Miss Green of the Powers-Samas department, who have recently been married.

Winnipeg Office News

P. A. Chester, General Manager, took time off from his work in Ottawa as Master General of the Ordnance to visit the Winnipeg office for a few days in October.

Early in September, shortly after taking up his new duties in Winnipeg as assistant manager of the Fur Trade, R. H. Chesshire made a trip around Saskatchewan district. The trip was made in the Company plane BMI with Dunc McLaren, pilot, and Jerry Buchan, air engineer. John Watson, Fur Trade buildings specialist, accompanied Mr. Chesshire. All but four posts were visited and the flight was completed in nine days. This must certainly be record time for inter-post travelling in the Fur Trade.

Each month sees more fur traders leaving the Company to go on active service. Latest recruits are R. W. Peel, formerly of Portage la Loche, who has joined the R.C.A.F. as wireless operator; W. Smart of the Winnipeg depot, also in the R.C.A.F., and H. T. F. Petterson of St. Lawrence district. In Hudson's Bay House, eighteen men are receiving training through their attachment to non-permanent units.

In October, George W. Allan, chairman of the Canadian Committee, presented long service awards to A. Bruce and D. Steven of the Winnipeg depot. "Dave" Steven completed thirty years' service on November 1, and now ranks with the most venerable of Hudson's Bay House. "Andy" Bruce has twenty years' service to his credit.

Our best wishes are extended to Misses Ferme, Grist and Halliley, who have left the Company to be married. We are glad to welcome Miss Hick, who has joined the Fur Trade office staff.

In September, A. M. Jones and J. A. Watson were transferred to the Winnipeg Office from Edmonton, and J. H. A. Wilmot was transferred from Montreal to Winnipeg early in November.

The *Nascopie* is back in her winter berth once more, and Captain Smellie has returned to Winnipeg. One interesting feature of this year's voyage was the dental work performed by Dr. W. D. Cavanagh of Toronto, who was specially commissioned by the Company to give all necessary dental treatment to post staff in Ungava district. Special equipment was rented by the Company for Dr. Cavanagh's use, and a cabin fitted as a dentist's office. A total of sixty-two persons were examined and treatment given.

The Company's booklet, "Your Food and Health in the North," prepared by Dr. F. F. Tisdall, has been received very well indeed, not only by the Fur Trade staff but by the general public as well. Quite a number of orders for the book have been received from medical clinics and libraries.

On November 1 a new class commenced in the Fur Trade Training School. In charge of this class is C. J. Lockhart-Smith, formerly manager of Montreal Lake post, while George Horner continues to handle the radio work. To recruit boys for this class a great many interviews were made and the present group contains boys from St. John's, Newfoundland, and Montreal. The remainder are from Winnipeg and small towns in Manitoba.

Congratulations to Dunc McLaren, pilot of BMI, on his marriage November 2. Both he and Jerry Buchan are now stationed in Winnipeg following the transfer here of BMI.

James Bay District

Under the command of Captain J. O. Neilson, the new schooner *Fort Charles* arrived at Moosonee on September 4, completing her maiden voyage from Shelburne, Nova Scotia, where she left on July 22. En route, supplies were unloaded at Great Whale River, Belcher Islands and Fort George posts. George Horner, of the radio division, was a passenger and took over the duties of wireless operator. He also established new radio stations at Eastmain, Rupert's House and Albany.

In connection with fur conservation, D. E. Denmark visited several points on the east and west coasts of James Bay during August. He was accompanied by J. S. C. Watt of Rupert's House.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. R. Jeffrey on the occasion of their marriage on September 30. Mrs. Jeffrey was formerly Miss Ruth Rutherford and is quite accustomed to northern conditions, having been a school teacher at the Anglican residential school at Fort George for three years.

We also congratulate Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Ross of Temagami on the birth of a daughter early in October.

J. S. Blackhall, who was brought out from Fort George post in September seriously ill, has now recovered and is at present enjoying a few weeks' furlough in Eastern Canada.

We welcome to the district A. McKinley, now in charge at Osnaburgh post and formerly of Trout Lake in Nelson River district.

J. S. C. Watt paid a short visit to Winnipeg in August for dental treatment.

Labrador District

In this issue of *The Beaver* we regret to record the death of Mrs. William Parsons of Bay Roberts, mother of Ralph Parsons, retired Fur Trade Commissioner, and S. H. Parsons, district manager for Labrador. The late Mrs. Parsons lived to the ripe age of 85 years and is survived by her husband, Capt. William Parsons, who has passed his ninety-second milestone. Her passing is deeply mourned by all who knew her and particularly by the many H B C men who have enjoyed the hospitality of her home, and on whose behalf we feel that we can express sincere sympathy to the bereaved family.

The manager at North West River post reports the death of Mrs. Margaret Baikie of Mulligan at the age of 92. She was well known to all Hudson's Bay men who served at North West River for many years past and her death will recall memories of kindnesses shown them by this grand old lady in days gone by. She had a very retentive memory and often regaled her visitors with stories of days when Donald Smith, later Lord Strathcona, was manager at North West River House.

Dr. A. A. Blair of the Newfoundland Fishery Laboratory was a visitor to North West River this summer and made a trip up the Kinamou River, where he succeeded in getting specimens of salmon; after which he visited the muskrat falls on Grand River. A large volume of water flows over the falls, which are too high for salmon to jump, and it is thought that by blasting some of the rock it would enable salmon to get over the falls and thence along the river to Grand Falls about two hundred and fifty miles distant.

A reported deposit of graphite in Saglek Bay, Northern Labrador, was investigated this summer by an interested company and results are said to be very encouraging.

Rev. E. O'Brien, missionary to the Indians in Labrador, made his annual visit during July and August to Davis Inlet and North West River. The Indians at the latter place informed Father O'Brien that they had, during the spring, discovered the remains of a man in the interior, supposed to be one of the Kohler party who was lost while making the trip across country from George's River to Nain nine years ago.

Jack Watts of the International Grenfell Association at North West River spent a short holiday in Newfoundland, and when at St. John's called at district office.

Captain Isaac Barbour and Engineer Bradbury arrived from Fort Churchill recently and visited district office.

W. J. Cobb, who has been in charge of Cartwright post for the past five years, recently left St. John's for Winnipeg, where he will take a training course. We wish "Billy" the best of luck and continued success.

J. F. Delaney, S. E. Dawe and H. Mercer of the southern section of the district took furlough this summer. We hope they thoroughly enjoyed themselves and made good use of their fishing licenses. They have since resumed their respective duties in Labrador.

The *Fort Garry's* rather limited passenger accommodation was fully utilized upon her return south from the Ungava Bay voyage this autumn. Her passengers were D. A. and Mrs. Wilderspin from Fort Chimo post, W. E. and Mrs. Swaffield and six children from Payne Bay, J. R. Heslop from Fort McKenzie, E. B. Maurice from Port Burwell, and the district manager, who made the round trip. Mr. Heslop has since offered his services to the R.C.A.F. Mr. Maurice is returning to New Zealand, where he will enlist in the air force. We hope to have them back again with us before long and meantime wish them happy landings.

We were privileged to have as passenger on the *Fort Garry* for the voyage from Hebron to Fort Chimo this summer Right Rev. A. L. Fleming, whose visit to Ungava Bay had been anticipated by the people there with great preparation and delight. The old ship arrived gaily bedecked with bunting, while on shore flags of every description waved a welcome to His Lordship and to honour the occasion. Before the ship left Fort Chimo, Bishop Fleming kindly arranged for a service to be held for the Company's employees, at which he delivered a most inspiring sermon upon the text *Pro Pelle Cutem*.

At St. John's on August 31 Ralph Butt, manager of Davis Inlet post, and Miss Marjorie Beard of Shelton, Conn., U.S.A., were united in marriage. Shortly after their wedding they took passage by the S.S. *Kyle* for Davis Inlet. We extend congratulations and best wishes to the happy couple.

We also extend congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. (Ranger) Bragg of Hopedale on the occasion of their marriage this summer.

We were glad to welcome back to Labrador Rev. F. A. Peacock and Mrs. Peacock, whose recent marriage was solemnized in England.

R. M. Howell and family recently proceeded to Cartwright, where Mr. Howell took over the management of the post from W. J. Cobb.

A baby girl was born on September 23rd to Mr. and Mrs. H. Leamon of Makkovik. Congratulations!

The *Fort Garry* is now making her last voyage for the season and will be arriving at her home port around the middle of November with a load of fishery products.

St. Lawrence District

Since our previous notes appeared two of our stalwarts have joined His Majesty's forces. H. T. F. Petterson, former La Sarre post manager, is now at M.D. 4 Depot, R.C.O.C., while J. N. Stevenson, until recently in charge of Nitchequon post, is in the R.C.A.F. We wish both the very best of luck.

The former Fur Trade Commissioner, Ralph Parsons, may have retired, but he is still extremely active. He visited us in October between trips from Newfoundland to New York, Ottawa and Halifax. Fortunately he was in Montreal when the travellers from the Eastern Arctic reached here at the end of the *Nascopie* voyage, and proved an admirable chairman of the reception committee. On his departure for Newfoundland, a large delegation from the Ungava district staff saw him off.

D. O'Sullivan is at Farnham, Quebec, undergoing his thirty days' military training course.

Post Manager H. A. Graham recently left for Hudson, Ontario, where he will brush up on retail merchandising under J. Glass. Since leaving Montreal, he has received news of the death of his father, W. D. Graham, one of the pioneers of the Arundel district, who was well known and highly regarded throughout the province. To both H. A. Graham and Leonard A. Graham of the Toronto Buying Office we extend our sympathy.

Herve Lariviere, who has had extensive experience in dealing with Indians in various sections of the country, has been appointed Indian agent in the large new Abitibi agency.

Hugh R. Conn has now taken over his duties as supervisor of the Indian Affairs Branch beaver preserve in this province and has made preliminary visits to Bersimis and Pointe Bleue Indian reserves.

E. J. Haight reports spending weary hours hunting partridge without result. When the limit of endurance had almost fled, he opened the store door one evening to find a partridge sitting on the steps.

The district manager is at present paying a brief visit to each of the Gulf posts before the close of navigation.

Nelson River District

The arrival of the supply vessel M.S. *Fort Severn* at Churchill on September 19 marked the close of another busy freighting season.

Ice conditions were exceptionally good and all trips were made with a minimum of delay on this account. Very favourable weather conditions also prevailed during the period of our summer operations and enabled the vessel, under Captain Barbour's able command, to complete its extended 1940 itinerary at an early date.

Under normal circumstances Repulse Bay post is the *Fort Severn's* most northerly port of call, but during the 1940 season supplies were delivered to the Company post and Roman Catholic mission at Igloolik Island, 300 miles north of Repulse Bay, in Foxe Basin.

The trip to Igloolik, while very interesting, was without incident, and only slight delay was caused by the ice pack.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Manning, who had just completed a year of exploratory and scientific work in the interior of Baffin Island, arrived at Igloolik in their Peterhead boat a day or so before the schooner. Both Mr. and Mrs. Manning appeared to have enjoyed the rigours of Arctic exploration, and stated that they were quite prepared to spend another winter in the North if ice or weather conditions prevented them from reaching Churchill before freeze-up. Latest word received from Chesterfield Inlet would seem to indicate that they will again winter in the North, possibly in the vicinity of Wager Inlet.

After a short visit to Winnipeg early in August, District Manager W. E. Brown rejoined the M.S. *Fort Severn* for the last trip, and visited all of the west coast posts north of Churchill, returning to Winnipeg September 26.

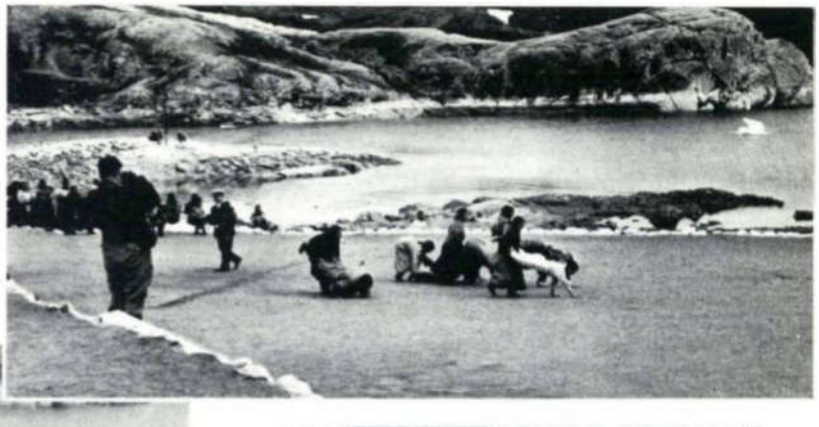
Congratulations are due Mr. and Mrs. H. Voisey on the occasion of their marriage at Chesterfield Inlet on August 28. The Reverend J. James of Baker Lake officiated. Mrs. Voisey is the daughter of Post Manager Sam Ford, who is well known to all members of Ungava district. Mr. and Mrs. Voisey will be located at Chesterfield Inlet during the coming winter.

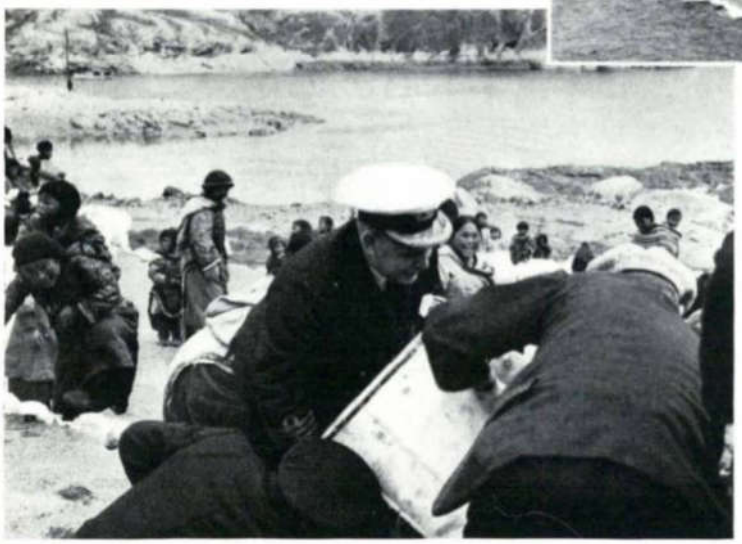
Two members of the district staff, P. Dalrymple and R. Wickware, were transferred to Ungava district during the late summer, so we would take this opportunity of wishing them the best of luck in their new sphere of activity.

Nascopie Cruise—1940

by J. W. Anderson

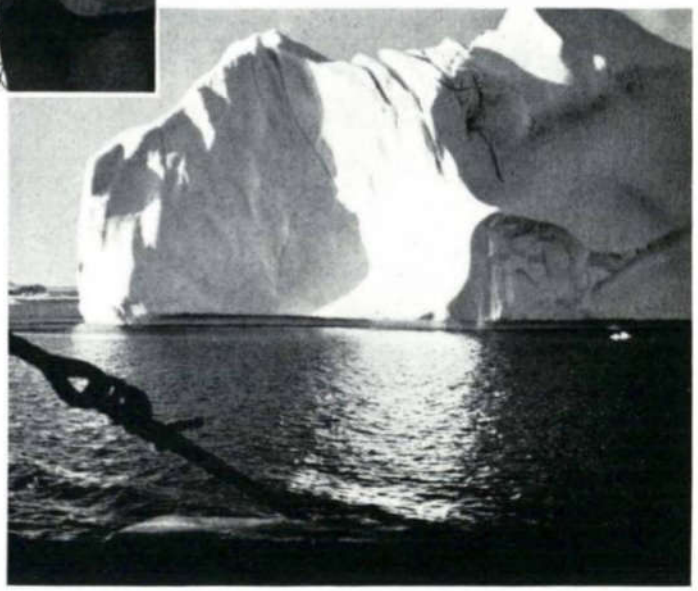
Right: Women's wheelbarrow race at Lake Harbour. Below: Capt. Smellie lends a hand at the Eskimo "scramble."





Above: Post Manager Monty Demment dances opposite an Eskimo grandmother at Cape Dorset. Left: Wedding party at Cape Smith. J. W. Anderson, Canon Turner, Mr. and Mrs. P. A. C. Nichols (nee Marion Buell), J. A. Thom (photo R. Evans). Below: One of the sights en route.

Father Steinmann comes aboard at Wakeham Bay.



Ungava District

After a lengthy and interesting Arctic voyage, R.M.S. *Nascopie* docked at Port Alfred, Quebec, at 2.30 a.m. on October 14, Captain T. F. Smellie and his officers thus completing the 271st voyage of the "Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay."

Quite a few members of the Ungava district staff came out on the *Nascopie* to Port Alfred: M. G. Ahlbaum, who is holidaying in his home town at Winnipeg; S. G. Ford, who retires on pension to Bay Roberts, Newfoundland; L. A. Learmonth, who is holidaying in Toronto; E. B. Maurice, who sailed from Vancouver on October 30 to visit his mother in New Zealand; A. R. and Mrs. Scott with the famous Arctic Bay baby, Evelyn Pace, who are holidaying in Toronto; A. Smith and S. J. Stewart, who are also holidaying in Toronto; and A. Stevenson, who is spending his vacation at his home in Verdun.

Abraham Broomfield came out earlier on the *Continent* and has gone into retirement on the Labrador coast. The Bishop of the Arctic, the Right Reverend A. L. Fleming, completed another Arctic voyage, though he did not make the entire round trip on the *Nascopie*. He left us at Hebron and travelled on the *Fort Garry* to Fort Chimo and other Ungava Bay posts, returning in the M.B. *Koksoak* with Mr. and Mrs. Wilderspin and J. R. Heslop to connect with the *Nascopie* at Port Burwell, where she was bunkering prior to going up Davis Strait into the far North. Members of the Arctic diocese staff coming out with Bishop Fleming included the Reverend and Mrs. Herbert and their children from Pangnirtung; the Reverend M. S. Flint from Fort Ross; Miss Florence Giles, matron of St. Luke's Hospital, Pangnirtung, and Thomas Summers, who during the past winter completed a new wing to St. Luke's Hospital. Miss Hockin succeeds Miss Giles as matron at St. Luke's, while Miss Spears takes the place of Miss West. Bishop Turquetil, accompanied by Father Marchand, travelled on the *Nascopie* from Montreal to Chesterfield, while Brother Volant from Pond's Inlet comes out for his first furlough in quite a few years.

Major McKeand was again in charge of the Government party and disembarked at Port Alfred with Max Dunbar, of McGill University, Postmaster F. R. E. Sparks and Dr. and Mrs. Orford and children. Dr. T. J. Orford has been Government medical officer at Pangnirtung for the past four years and is succeeded by Dr. J. A. Bildfell. Disembarking members of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, under Inspector D. J. Martin, included Cpl. Kerr, who has made the round trip; Lce.-Cpl. Davies and Const. McCabe from Pangnirtung; and Const. E. E. Muffitt from Craig Harbour. Dr. W. D. Cavanagh returned to his practice in Toronto after completing the 1941 voyage as H B C dentist. He was able to do a great deal of valuable dental work on the voyage, not only to members of the H B C staff but to all white and Eskimo residents of the Arctic. J. H. A. Wilmot did not leave Port Alfred with the other passengers but remained to attend to the shipping of the furs and sundries by S.S. *Roberval* to Montreal.

We have already recorded the wedding at Cape Smith on August 7 of Mr. and Mrs. P. A. C. Nichols. But this does not complete the romance of the Arctic for 1940, for on September 9, with Bishop A. L. Fleming officiating, the wedding of Lance-Corporal R. W. Hamilton and Miss Dorothy Beohmer was solemnized. Inspector D. J. Martin gave the bride in marriage, Mrs. J. A. Thom was the matron of honour, and Const. E. E. Muffitt was the groomsman. This is indeed the farthest north wedding for the good old ship *Nascopie*, for it took place as we were approaching Thule, Greenland, in truly impressive Arctic scenery.

But there is still more Arctic romance to record, for it is with pleasure that we announce the engagement of S. J. Stewart to Miss Florence Giles. This romance blossomed at Pangnirtung, where Miss Giles was matron in charge of St. Luke's Hospital and S. J. Stewart was H B C post manager.

While the *Nascopie* was at Chesterfield we were joined by Post Manager and Mrs. Dalrymple, who are now stationed at Southampton Island, and R. J. Wickware, transferred to be radio operator at Wolstenholme.

J. J. Bildfell, who conducted experiments for H B C at Cape Dorset in connection with the eiderdown industry, has transferred his operations for the coming winter to Lake Harbour.

The highlight of the 1940 Eastern Arctic voyage of the *Nascopie* was the visit to Greenland, which was touched at three points—Thule in the far north, Godthaab the capital, and Ivigtut the cryolite mine. The visit to Thule was made on September 9 and was for the purpose of returning to Greenland from Craig Harbour the two families of R.C.M. Police Eskimos. This visit was made after Craig Harbour and before Fort Ross. After finishing at Pangnirtung we again crossed to Greenland, and on September 28 we had "land ahoy" in the early morning with clearing weather. The Godthaab pilot came alongside at 8.45 a.m. and we anchored in the Inner Harbour of Godthaab, Greenland, at 10.45 a.m. ship's time, which was three hours and a half behind Greenwich. In the harbour we found the Greenland Government trading vessel *Hans Egede* of about 700 tons, the U.S. coastguard cutter *Cayuga*, the steamer *Belize* of about 2,000 tons with a load of coal from the United States, one small schooner and a number of small craft. It was quite a pleasant change to see so many ships in port. We were visited by Mr. Hagensen, the agent of the Greenland Government, the medical officer for Godthaab and A. E. Porsild, the Canadian vice-consul to Greenland. After the usual customs and other formalities were completed, the passengers were allowed to go ashore.

Godthaab, the capital of Greenland and the seat of the Greenland Parliament, is a village of from 500 to 700 people. There is an experimental farm, a blue fox farm, an elementary school and academy, a Lutheran Church, trading store, post office, radio station and other facilities. We noticed quite a few sheep wandering around the rocks and grassy slopes of this bleak and barren looking coast. The principal exports of Greenland would seem to be fish, furs and oil, but we understand that Godthaab itself is not a large producer.

Sunday, September 29, was beautiful and sunny, almost warm. Most of the passengers took advantage of the sunshine to spend the greater part of the day on shore visiting in the village of Godthaab. On board the *Nascopie* there was a communion service at seven and a service of morning prayer at 9.30, both services being conducted by the Reverend A. C. Herbert. Bishop Fleming, with the Reverend M. S. Flint as his chaplain, was ashore very early and preached in the local Lutheran Church to a crowded congregation. His sermon was in English and interpreted by the provost, who is a dignitary of the Lutheran Church corresponding to an archdeacon. Bishop Fleming also preached in Eskimo and found that his Baffin Land Eskimo was tolerably well understood by the Godthaab natives. Altogether the Bishop had a busy Sunday at Godthaab. On this Sunday the U.S. coastguard cutter *Northland* (Commander Smith) arrived from the north with Governor Svene of Greenland and Mr. Penfield, U.S. consul to Greenland.

On Wednesday, October 2, we were favoured with a fine morning and had a perfectly grand approach to the rugged Greenland coast at Arsuk Fiord, which we entered at 10 a.m. to anchor at Ekaluit at eleven. Ekaluit is a small bay in Arsuk Fiord which is used as an anchorage by ships waiting to load cryolite at Ivigtut. We found the Norwegian ship *Primo* at anchor ahead of us, also awaiting to load cryolite.

On the afternoon of this day, on the shores of Ekaluit Bay, we laid to rest Able Seaman Charles Blagden, who met an accidental death on the way south from Godthaab. The commitment service, conducted by Bishop A. L. Fleming, assisted by the Reverend A. C. Herbert and the Reverend M. S. Flint, was very impressive and was attended by Captain Smellie and most of the ship's company.

On the third of October we moved up to the mine at Ivigtut and docked immediately after the *Gudvor* of Oslo had pulled out with a load of cryolite for Port Alfred. The loading of the *Nascopie* was commenced at 3.30 p.m. on Thursday and was completed on Saturday morning.

Ivigtut is a Cryolite Company village, everything being owned and operated by the company. With the employees of the mine and their families, the population is around three hundred. It is a modern village with electric light, modern residences and up-to-date facilities. Here we met K. P. Kirkwood, Canadian consul to Greenland, and Mr. Corp, the mine manager, besides other officials.

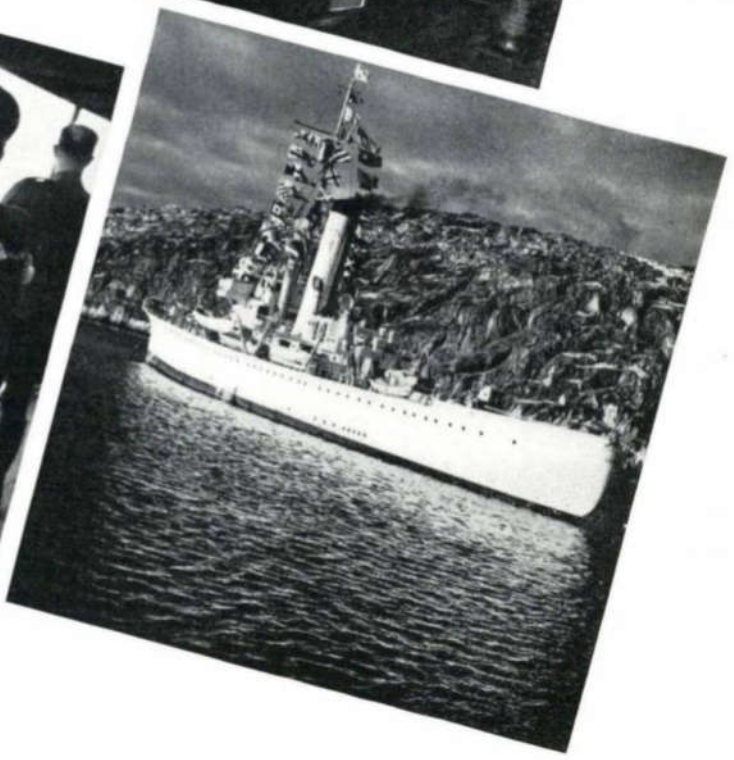
The job of loading the *Nascopie* with cryolite was continued throughout the night and on Saturday morning, the fifth, about fifteen minutes after the last wagonful was dumped into the hold, the lines were cast off, the anchor weighed and we sailed away from Ivigtut with 1,705 long tons of cryolite for the Aluminum Company of Canada, Port Alfred. We ran into some heavy weather crossing to Hebron but had a very fine and quick run down the Labrador coast.

Two new radio stations were established during the 1940 Eastern Arctic voyage—CG5K at Clyde, with Post Manager J. G. Cormack as operator, and CG5H at Pond's Inlet, with Post Manager A. T. Swaffield as operator—while station CY7R was transferred from Wakeham Bay to Sugluk. At Fort Ross on the Bellot Strait, on September 12, 1940, Postmaster F. R. E. Sparks of the Eastern Arctic patrol opened a new post office which will be under the charge of our post manager, W. A. Heslop. This will be the post office for all Northwest Passage mail, both west and east bound. Shades of Sir John Franklin!

Greenland Pictures

by J. W. Anderson

Top to bottom: 1. "Home is the sailor, home from sea." The grave of the *Nascopie* seaman at Ekaluit. 2. One of Greenland's icy mountains at Ekaluit. 3. Eskimo mother and child in full costume at Godthaab. 4. The *Nascopie*'s northernmost wedding. L.-Cpl. and Mrs. R.W. Hamilton just after the ceremony off Thule. 5. U.S. Coastguard cutter *Cayuga* at Godthaab, dressed in honour of the occasion.



Western Arctic District

The past summer was the most successful season we have experienced for years, from the point of view of transportation. Owing to the light tonnage, the *Margaret A* was successfully employed in yarding work from Kittagazuit to Tuktuk. The M.V. *Fort Ross* left Tuktuk on July 28 and delivered all freight for posts as far east as Perry River, returning to Tuktuk on August 17. The vessel cleared for Vancouver on August 22, rounded Point Barrow on August 28, arriving at Vancouver on September 14.

The *Fort Ross* has been dry-docked and surveyed and all crew members have returned to their homes. M. Matwichuk, who acted as purser during the past season, will act as watchman during the winter months.

Captain Summers reported the voyage as uneventful, but we have seen a picture of the vessel, taken in Vancouver, which shows that the crow's-nest has been turned around on the mast. The skipper would no doubt attribute this to "a breeze of wind."

The R. C. M. Police boat *St. Roch* returned to the Arctic in August, after experiencing severe ice conditions on the Alaskan coast.

William Gibson carried out the customary summer inspection of posts. He travelled on the *Fort Ross* and disembarked at Holman Island, returning to his headquarters at Coppermine by native schooner. During the winter months, Mr. Gibson will travel around the eastern end of the district, inspecting all posts, including King William Land.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. R. R. McIsaac, who were married at Bathurst Inlet last summer. William Gibson gave the bride away, while D. G. Sturrock acted as best man. The ceremony was performed by Canon Webster of Coppermine, who visited several of our posts, travelling on the *Fort Ross*.

Congratulations also to Mr. and Mrs. Ray Ross on the birth of a daughter, Patricia Ellen, September 7, in Edmonton. Mrs. Ross flew from Coppermine in early August and returned to Reid Island by 'plane before freeze-up.

We send congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Sidgwick on the birth of a daughter, Barbara Joan, at Aklavik. We apologize for the belated announcement of this happy event, owing to the absence of district office staff when *The Beaver* notes were written.

Angus Gavin returned to Perry River, travelling by C.A.L. 'plane to Coppermine and by the *Fort Ross* to Flagstaff Island.

Messrs. Figgures and Smith came out for furlough, travelling by the Mackenzie River route, while Messrs. Kilgour and Donovan travelled to Vancouver on the *Fort Ross*.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Copland and family returned to Edmonton on September 18, travelling by the Mackenzie River route.

Old friends of Rev. G. E. Merritt will be grieved to hear of his death at Ottawa recently. Mr. Merritt went north in 1914 as a lay worker at the new Anglican mission at Coppermine, and next year established the first mission to the Copper Eskimos at Bernard Harbour. He was married there on board the *Lady Kindersley* in 1921 to Miss Evelyn Roberts. Bishop Stringer ordained him at Shingle Point in 1924, and he continued in his mission work until ill health forced him to retire to Ottawa in 1930.

Mackenzie River Transport

A very successful season came to a close with the arrival of the M.S. *Hearne Lake* at Fort Smith on October 25, after being storm bound on Great Slave Lake for seven days.

The S.S. *Distributor* arrived back at Fort Smith on return from her third trip from Aklavik on September 11. She surpassed all previous records by covering the 2716 miles in 23 days.

All vessels are now back in winter quarters. In spite of extremely low water on the upper route, all freight was successfully delivered.

Tonnage handled from Waterways totalled 12,000, as against 11,000 for 1939, which is an all-time record.

Radio equipment installed by "Sparks" Horner on various vessels has proved of great value in directing movement of vessels, particularly during the low water period and consequent delays. This was to great advantage on the upper river, where interchange of barges between vessels is necessary.

The following captains were in charge of vessels during the 1940 season: S.S. *Distributor*, Capt. D. B. Naylor; S.S. *Northland Echo*, Capt. O. F. Browne; M.S. *Hearne Lake*, Capt. D. Elyea; M.S. *Dease Lake*, Capt. B. Goodman; M.S. *Pelly Lake*, Capt. F. Hansley; M.S. *Beaver Lake*, Capt. W. H. Alexander; M.T. *Liard River*, Capt. G. Garvie; M.T. *Cross Fox*, Capt. D. Mahood; M.T. *Weenusk II*, J. D. Cadenhead.

The new steel tug on the Peace River, *Weenusk II*, has proved a great success. A busy season was experienced on that section.

The manager, D. Hutchison, after a busy season in the North, returned to Edmonton for the winter on October 18. The office will close at Waterways on October 25, and reopen in the Birks Building, Edmonton.

With all vessels and barges hauled out at the Company's shipyards, J. A. Davis at Gravel Point yard, below Fort Smith, and G. A. Miller at Tar Island and Prairie shipyards have equipment up the ways and under the necessary repairs.

Mackenzie-Athabasca District

Congratulations and best wishes to S. F. Dean of Black Bay, Goldfields, who was married to Miss Ettie Rose Short at Holy Trinity Church, Edmonton, on September 7.

The following members of the staff have just come out from the North to enlist: W. L. D. Smith, originating from the Western Arctic district, but recently temporarily employed at Fort Smith; J. T. Buchan, manager of Upper Hay River post; Clare Kinton from Fort St. John post; and W. H. D. Frechette, trainee from Yellowknife post.

During the latter half of September and first half of October, the district manager, J. Bartleman, made a trip of inspection, going as far as Whitehorse by Yukon Southern Air Transport, picking up BMI there and proceeding on via Dawson City over the mountains to Aklavik, thence to Tuktuk, and visiting all posts on the Mackenzie River on the south-bound trip.

As in all things, growth in the North is great during the midnight sun period, and the advancement and growth in the babies of Sidgwick at Tuktuk, Crossley at Good Hope, McKinnon at Providence, and Skinner at Resolution, were very noticeable. These little ones are all beautiful and a great source of joy to their parents.

It was with the deepest regret that we received the news of the sad accident to little Billy Carson, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Carson, our manager at Stony Rapids. Billy was attacked by dogs and had to be taken out to hospital at Prince Albert, but we are glad to be able to report that, according to recent word, the accident has not turned out to be so serious as was first thought and Billy is now recovering very nicely.

In connection with the district building program, we are pleased to report great improvement in the Fort Good Hope dwelling house. At Fort Simpson we now have a very creditable store, and at Fitzgerald and Chipewyan the two new warehouses are added assets. At Hay River the new store, at Yellowknife the new dwelling house, and at Stony Rapids and Black Bay outpost the additions to the present dwelling houses are all progressing very nicely and will be completed and in occupation before winter sets in.

Mrs. Macfarlane, the wife of our Fort Chipewyan post manager, was a visitor to Edmonton in October for medical attention and we are pleased to hear that she has returned much benefited.

Since the last issue of *The Beaver*, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Craig and little Eric of Fort Norman, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. McDonald of Fort Smith, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Gallagher and family of Wabasca, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Winchester of Cold Lake, W. H. Black, late of Fort McMurray, now of Fort Vermilion, and J. S. Nisbet, late of Fort Vermilion, now of Trout Lake outpost, have all returned to their respective homes much benefited from their holiday and visit to the outside world.

At the majority of posts, garden produce was a great success down the Mackenzie River this summer; but unfortunately, on account of drought an absolute failure was experienced at Fort Chipewyan.

Although unable to obtain furlough during summer months, George West of Fort Dease post, Great Bear Lake, and R. E. Howell of Hay River post, but recently temporarily employed at Portage la Loche, are now enjoying a holiday outside.

British Columbia District

We welcome to the district Miss Nancy D. Oglesby, who came all the way alone from Nottingham, England, to become the wife of J.M. S. MacLeod, our manager at Liard (Lower) post, B.C., and arrived in Edmonton on August 17. The marriage was performed at Carcross, Y.T., by the resident minister at that point on August 25, and we extend our heartiest congratulations to both. A. Reid, manager of Whitehorse, and R. S. Cunningham, manager of Frances Lake outpost, proved to be very able assistants in making arrangements for the ceremony.

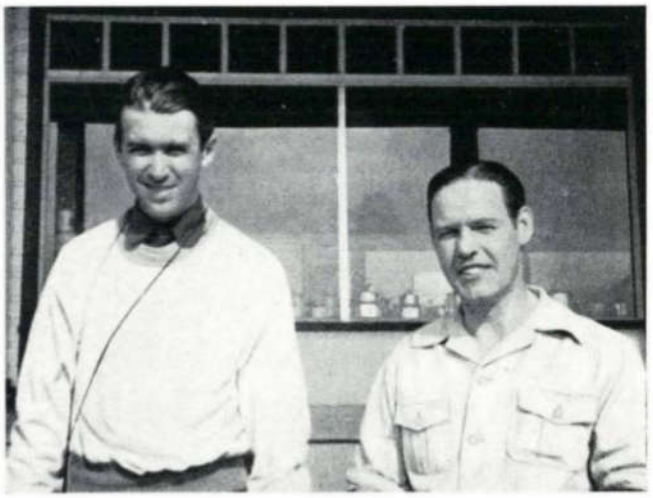
Congratulations also to Miss L. Gough of the district office staff, who left the service recently to get married, and who is now making her home at Nanaimo, B.C.

Left: Father Neptune and his henchmen, with tar brush and razor, on M.S. *Fort Garry*, Strait of Belle Isle.

Above: Albino prairie wolf cubs on the mink ranch of B. B. Kerr, Carlyle, Sask.

Right: Clerk J. P. Kirk and guide, out to fill the larder at Stewart River, Y.T., most westerly H B post.

Eskimos at Pond's Inlet show wild enthusiasm for Miss May West's and Mrs. T. Melling's snow man. R. L. Sutton photo.



Screen star James Stewart visited the post at Temagami, Ontario, last summer. With him is Post Manager H. M. Ross.

Presentation of H B "Point" blankets to stars of "Hudson's Bay Company" on the 20th-Fox lot. L. to R.: John Sutton; Arthur Brock, manager of Wine and Spirit Division; Paul Muni; F. W. Gasston, manager Wholesale Dept.; Laird Cregar.

We also extend our congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Copeland of Fort Grahame, B.C., on the birth of a son at Edmonton on September 1, and to Mr. and Mrs. D. Forsyth of Manson Creek, B.C., on the birth of a daughter at Winnipeg on September 4.

BMI, with McLaren at the controls, took the district manager, J. Milne, around the district in September, picking up J. Bartleman, Mackenzie-Athabasca district manager, at Whitehorse and thereafter proceeded with him on an inspection of the Mackenzie-Athabasca posts.

In case some of the residents of the Finlay River area of British Columbia may be interested, we would advise that William Glennie, manager of McLeod's Lake; J. R. Copeland, manager of Fort Grahame; and H. C. Borbridge, manager of Fort Ware, have all been appointed issuers of marriage licences by the British Columbia Government.

C. H. J. Winter, after spending a few weeks at Fort St. John, has proceeded to Waterways.

R. G. Gillard reported at district office on October 18 from Fort Liard post, and is now proceeding on a well earned furlough.

There has been increased mining activity in the Fort St. James area recently, Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company having established a camp at nearby Pinchi Lake, where mercury is being produced. A seventeen-mile truck road has been made in to the camp, and our Fort St. James post makes regular deliveries to the camp by truck.

Survey work on the proposed Alaska Highway, which was again considerable this summer, is now completed for the season and the various parties have come outside for the winter.

John A. Watson and A. M. Jones, who were both located at Edmonton for the past year or so, have now been transferred to Winnipeg.

Visitors to the office for the past quarter included R. H. Chesshire, assistant manager of the Fur Trade Department; H. E. Cooper, merchandise manager; H. P. Warne, supervisor of the Raw Fur Departments; W. B. Gourlay of Fort St. James; and D. Forsyth of Manson Creek.

Saskatchewan District

District Manager R. A. Talbot's many friends in the North will regret to hear of his illness after a serious operation. He appears to be making satisfactory progress now, however, and expects to return to district office early in the new year. All members of the district staff join in wishing him an early recovery.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Leslie on the birth of a son, Ian George, on September 24.

Many posts in the district have reported serious forest fires during the past month or two. Berens River narrowly escaped losing its buildings, and Montreal Lake reported damage very near to the post. According to reports, the other posts were not so greatly inconvenienced.

Post managers reporting to district office during the last few weeks were as follows: T. McEwan en route to his new post at Berens River, E. J. Leslie at present in Winnipeg, D. R. Sheffield and E. W. Hampton on furlough, and C. J. Lockhart-Smith reporting for duty in charge of the the Winnipeg Training School.

Frank Reid is shivering at Cumberland House pending the arrival of his winter woollies after freeze-up. Frank neglected to request the Winnipeg depot to ship them in until it was too late. The delay was possibly due to the fact that it was originally intended to have him come in to Winnipeg en route to Cumberland. But the plans were altered.

Tommy McEwan narrowly escaped the same fate. The fault was not his, however, but the railways'. The shipment was finally located in time to catch the last boat and Tom claimed he found living in a club bag for six weeks not so good.

Bill Lowrie has now moved into the new buildings at Deer Lake post on Sandy Lake. They are reported to be a vast improvement over the rather primitive set-up of the old post.

R. H. Chesshire and J. A. Watson made a hurried tour of the district during the latter part of August and early in September.

STAFF CHANGES

WESTERN ARCTIC DISTRICT

Name	From	To
F. R. E. Donovan	Manager, King William Land	Furlough
A. G. Figgures	Manager, Maitland Point	Furlough
R. H. Kilgour	Manager, Holman Island	Furlough
W. L. D. Smith	Assistant, Holman Island	Furlough
H. W. Chitty	Manager, Read Island	Manager, Holman Island
F. R. Ross	Manager, Coppermine	Manager, Read Island
J. Livingstone		Assistant, Coppermine

BRITISH COLUMBIA DISTRICT

W. B. Gourlay	Assistant, Fort St. James	Assistant, Port Simpson
E. Dibnah	Acting Mgr., Nelson Forks	Clerk, Fort Rae
J. Hope-Brown	Trainee, District Office	Manager, Kitwanga

MACKENZIE-ATHABASCA DISTRICT

Clare Kinton	Clerk, Fort St. John	Retired
R. H. Hancock	Assistant, Cold Lake	Act. Mgr., North Vermilion
J. S. Nisbet	Assistant, Fort Vermilion	Act. Mgr., Trout Lake
Geo. S. West	Manager, Fort Dease	Furlough
R. E. Howell	Temp. Mgr., Portage la Loche	Furlough
P. J. Power	Manager, Portage la Loche	Retired
R. Dodwell	Manager, North Vermilion	Retired
W. H. Black	Assistant, Fort McMurray	Assistant, Fort Vermilion
J. M. Ross	Relief Mgr., Fort Norman	Manager, Fort Dease
R. F. Aitchison	Assistant, Yellowknife	Assistant, Aklavik
McD. C. Watson	Furlough and Sick Leave	Manager, Snowdrift
H. Ambrose	Manager, Fort McPherson	Manager, Upper Hay River
J. T. Buchan	Manager, Upper Hay River	Furlough

NELSON RIVER DISTRICT

M. T. Allen	Clerk, Churchill	Clerk, York Factory
J. Dixon	Clerk, Baker Lake	Clerk, Churchill
W. Robinson	Clerk, Churchill	Clerk, Repulse Bay
J. E. J. Wilson	Manager, Severn	Manager, Caribou
F. Schoales	Clerk, Nelson House	Manager, Severn
H. Voisey	Clerk, Repulse	Clerk, Chesterfield Inlet
R. Wickware	Clerk, Chesterfield	Ungava District
A. Lunan	Furlough	Manager, Baker Lake
P. Dalrymple	Manager, Baker Lake	Ungava District
D. Drysdale	Furlough	Manager, Padley
S. Watson	Clerk, Padley	Furlough
H. Flett	Manager, Bearskin Lake	Furlough
A. Millar	Furlough	Manager, Split Lake
T. Batchelor	Furlough	Manager, Big Beaver House
F. Reid	Manager, Wabowden	Saskatchewan District
G. T. Bremner	Furlough	Manager, Wabowden
H. Mann	Furlough	Manager, Gillam
W. G. McKinnie	Relief Manager, Gillam	Relief Mgr., Bearskin Lake

SASKATCHEWAN DISTRICT

Name	From	To
R. S. Van Camp	Clerk, Green Lake	Clerk, Lac La Ronge
R. K. Finch	Clerk, Little Grand Rapids	Clerk, Ile a la Crosse
T. McEwen	Manager, Cumberland House	Manager, Berens River
D. R. Sheffield	Manager, Misty Lake	Furlough
D. Donaldson	James Bay District	Manager, Oxford House
E. W. Hampton	Manager, Oxford House	Furlough
F. Reid	Nelson River District	Mgr., Cumberland House
C. J. Lockhart-Smith	Relief Mgr., Pelican Narrows	Winnipeg

JAMES BAY DISTRICT

A. Risch	Manager, Cavell	Manager, Lansdowne House
W. A. Smith	Assistant, Minaki	Manager, Nipigon House
L. A. Martin	Relief Manager, Long Lac	Relief Manager, Lac Seul
J. S. Blackhall	Manager, Fort George	Sick Leave
R. M. Duncan	Manager, Lac Seul	Manager, Fort George
W. S. Franklin	Manager, Nipigon House	Resigned
J. R. Tyrer	Manager, Nemaska	Furlough
A. McKinley	Nelson River District	Manager, Osnaburgh
A. K. Black	Manager, Ogoki	Manager, Peterbell
R. Jeffrey	Relief Manager, Fort George	Manager, Summer Beaver
W. R. Kell	Manager, Ghost River	Manager, Kanaaupscow
K. M. Retallack	Assistant, Fort George	Manager, Kapisko
G. L. Bawden	Saskatchewan District	Clerk, Attawapiskat
J. Beriziuk	Assistant, Belcher Island	Manager, Ghost River
L. O. Bastow	Manager, Lansdowne House	Relief Manager, Minaki
D. Donaldson	Manager, Nipigon House	Saskatchewan District
A. Hughes	Manager, Osnaburgh	Resigned
P. R. Hughes	Assistant, McKenzie Island	Manager, Pagwa River
A. E. McNaughton	Manager, Pagwa River	Mgr., Cochenour-Willans
W. Schoyen	Assistant, Minaki	Assistant, McKenzie Island

ST. LAWRENCE DISTRICT

P. C. Camiot	Seven Islands	Manager, Mattice
L. Turgeon	Manager, Mattice	Manager, La Sarre
H. T. F. Petterson	Manager, La Sarre	C.A.S.F.
D. O'Sullivan	Clerk, Pointe Bleue	Army Training
S. R. Crone	Clerk, Pointe Bleue	Clerk, Mistassinny
L. R. Pattee	Clerk, Mistassinny	Clerk, Pointe Bleue
W. Jefferys	Furlough	Manager, Woswonaby
F. McLeod	Manager, Woswonaby	Manager, Obijuan
H. A. Graham	Manager, Obijuan	Mdse. Training Course
D. E. Cooter	Furlough	Manager, Nitchequon
J. N. Stevenson	Manager, Nitchequon	R.C.A.F.
P. M. Wright	Clerk, Woswonaby	Acting Mgr., Chibougamau
F. D. Bradford	Clerk, St. Augustine	Clerk, Romaine
G. M. Russell	Clerk, Romaine	Clerk, St. Augustine

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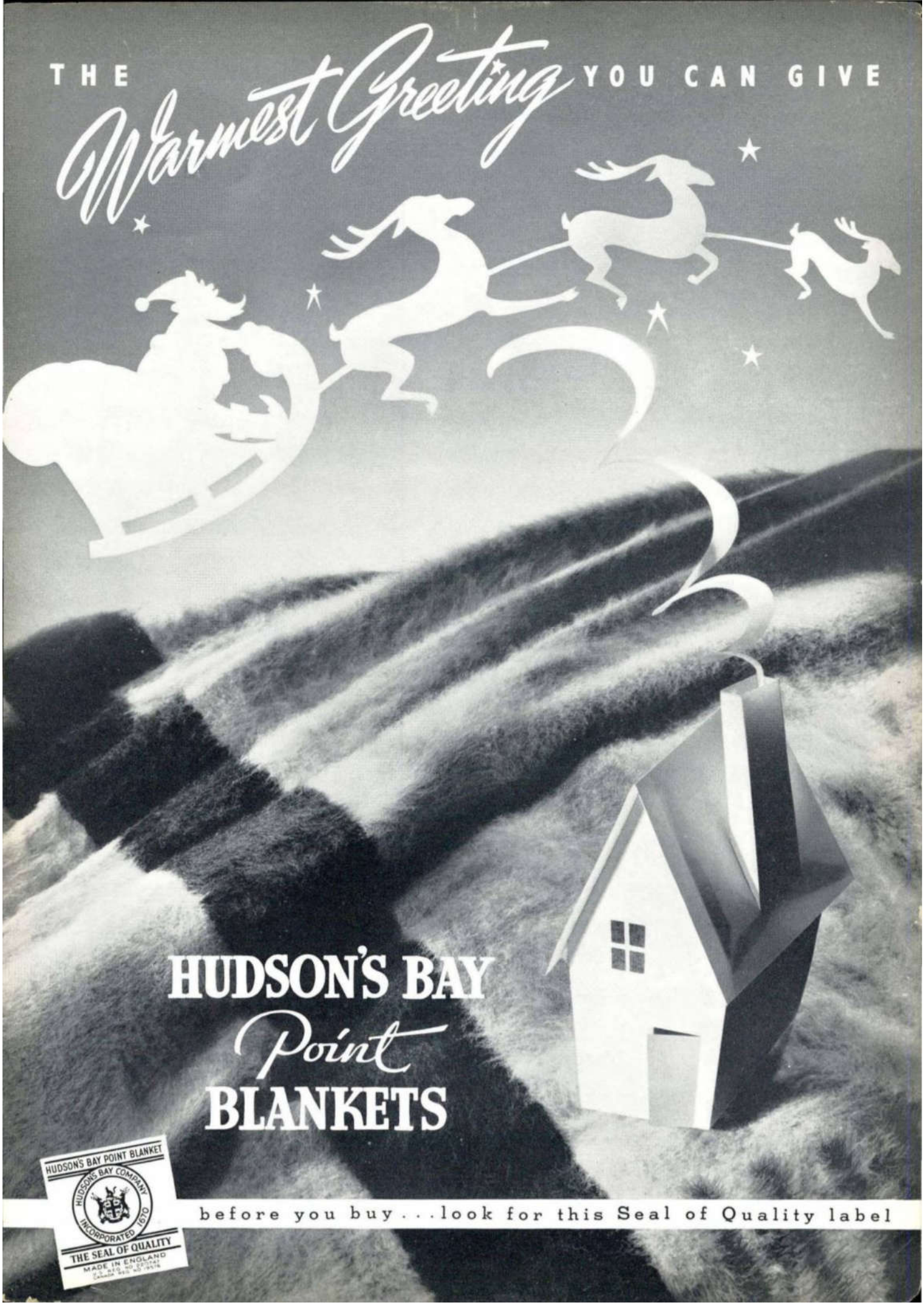
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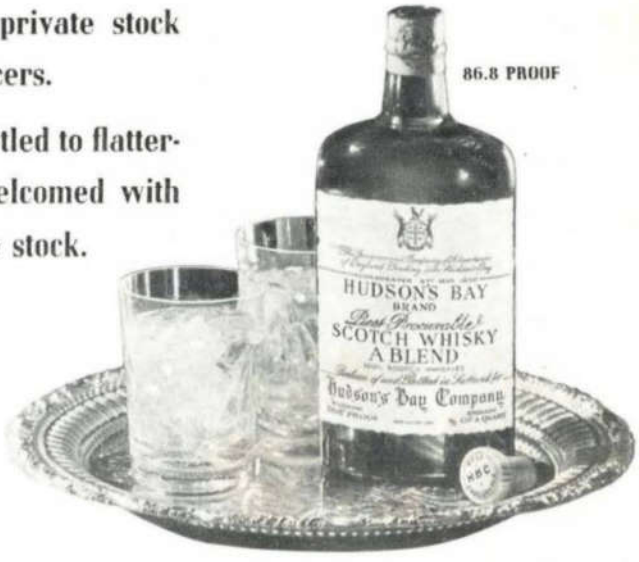
GOOD SPIRITS AT CHRISTMAS

The starting of the Northern Packet from Red River is one of the great annual events in the colony. It occurs about the 10th December, when winter travelling is easy. The runners, whose duty it is to carry these packets, are not unimportant men and when they can manage to be at one of the Company's posts on Christmas or New Year's Day they are handsomely welcomed, and their recognized character as newsbearers secures for them flattering consideration."

(An excerpt from "Red River" by J. J. Hargrave)

In 1840, good hosts at the Hudson's Bay posts usually served those welcome guests "the best procurable whisky in Scotland"— a private stock imported especially for Company officers.

Now . . . a century later . . . guests entitled to flattering consideration are handsomely welcomed with the famous descendant of that private stock.



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